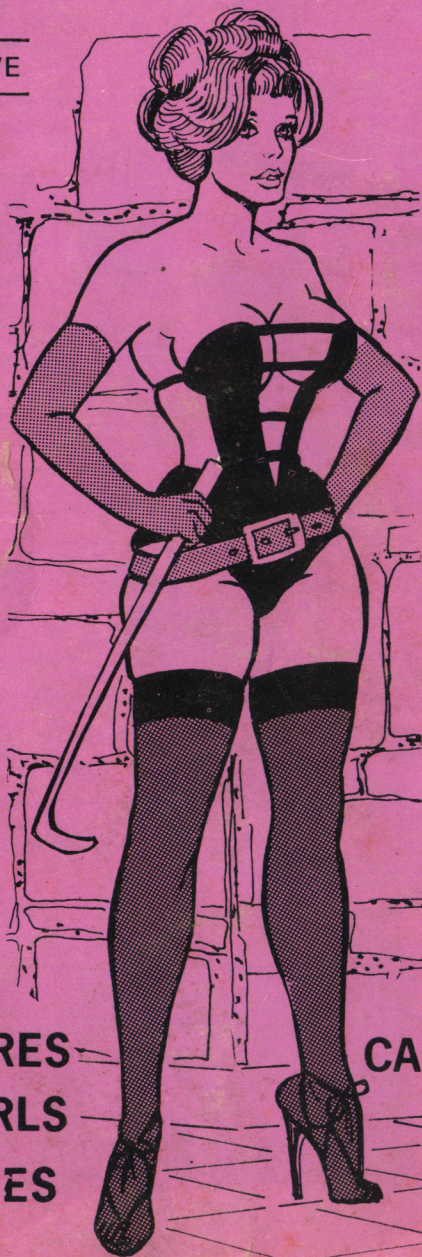


# SEARCH

FOR ADAM AND EVE

Vol. 1 No. 11 50p



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GIRLS

EXPERIENCES

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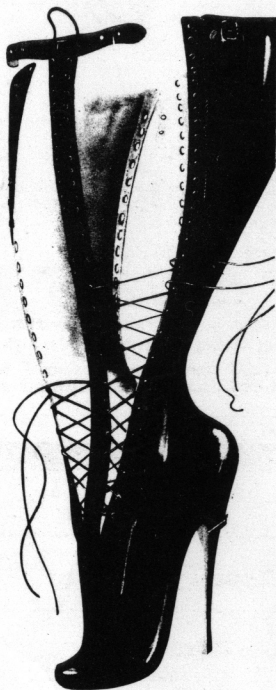
# IN SEARCH NEXT MONTH

## Experiences of a Shoe Fetishist

W. Lovelace tells in interesting detail the highlights of his lifetime of worship to the 'high-heel', 'the black patent' the 'cross-over strap' and other adornments of the dainty girlish foot.

## Riding to Pleasure

Second feature in our 'Riding Cult' series. Our contributor is a young married woman who discovered, to her delight, there was far more to the equestrian art than met the eye.

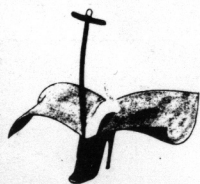


## Initiation into Sexuality

Sexual Initiation rituals have, since time began, been a test of courage, strength and endurance. Virility is supposedly increased with power to tolerate torment. The female is taught her role of being the masochistic receptacle for the male. Henri La Broy is our world-travelled contributor.

## Nymphae—guardian wings of love

Until recently, the most neglected components of the female genitalia were the labia minora or inner sexual-lips. Godfrey J. Andereisz discusses the new interest shown in this most erogenous feminine zone.



PLUS: MORE PAGES DEVOTED TO THE OPEN ARENA IN WHICH LETTERS FROM OUR READERS HELP US ALL TO UNDERSTAND BETTER THE PLEASURES AND FRUSTRATIONS ENCOUNTERED IN THE LIFE-LONG SEARCH FOR A MORE FULFILLING PHYSICAL HAPPINESS.



# SEARCH

FOR ADAM AND EVE TOGETHER



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# The Jewel In the Lotus

Godfrey J. Andereisz,

Born in Ceylon of

Dutch Ancestry,

ex lecturer in

Anatomy and

Histology. Specialised in Oriental Erotology.

As a writer he has made valuable contributions  
to the Study of Human Sexual Anthropology  
and Behaviour.



**D**oes woman's urgency to be emancipated from the role of a kitchen sink-bound battery-hen and invade the hitherto exclusive world of masculine limelight owe its origin to subconscious penis-envy?

Several factors apparently confirm this theory. To begin with, woman is aware that her position as principal figurehead in the process of procreation gives her a superior status over her male counterpart. She feels that given the opportunity without male interference she could solve global unrest. How she proposes to do that, however, is still vague because woman, unlike man, has not as yet quite mastered the technique of basing her assumptions on hard and fast policy. She prefers to rely upon theories and intuition, her favourite secret weapon when stuck for an answer. But intuition and awareness of her position as chief receptacle for propagation of the species are insufficient incentives for her





"How beautiful are thy feet in Sandals,  
O prince's daughter!  
The joint of thy thighs is like a jewel.  
The work of the hands of a cunning  
workman".

tremendous urgency to equate her position with the male by apeing his conduct, imitating his dress and mimicing his tough aggressiveness. There is a deeper psychological reason, and that reason several leading experts in the field believe, is her awareness that in spite of her potential to imitate the male in every other physical aspect she lacks the one property that will make her entirely male...the possession of the penis.

It is obvious that from a very early age children become conscious of the absence of the penis in one sex, and that sex instead possesses a slit or 'horrible cut' in the belly. Little girls often worry about this wound in their bodies wondering whether it had been caused by a jealous mother castrating her out of sheer spite lest she compete with her brothers. This misconception intensifies if and when the little girl has had an opportunity to spy upon parents copulating. And when she learns what all that hectic activity in bed was about she immediately assumes that her mother cut her penis off to prevent her from competing with father.

One female interviewed by the writer confessed that as a child she had accidentally seen her parents copulate. After father had uncoupled and gone into the bathroom to wash himself, mother lay on the bed, thighs spread apart, a quantity of semen trickling out of her vulva and down the cleft of her buttocks. The interviewee promptly assumed that the thick, white liquid was female blood and hated father for wounding mother so badly. For almost 15 years thereafter she was terrified to as much as talk to a man lest he wound and make her bleed just like father did to mum.

The girl, painfully conscious of her inadequacy to be on equal footing with the male, starts looking for a male substitute in her body. Freud postulates that it is this search for the penis and the girl's subsequent discovery and manipulation of her clitoris that makes her aware at a very early age of the location, nature and



function of the penis. But discovery of her clitoris does very little to solve her problem. Her clitoris, at this stage rudimentary and almost imperceptible, is but a very poor analogue. Neither has she any breasts...two very noticeable and protuberant appendages which are capable of being displayed and flaunted about later in life as very powerful, male-attracting, phallic substitutes.

Furthermore, as she becomes aware through observation or instruction in sex knowledge that in a few years time she will have to yield her vulva to the intrusion of the rampant penis, she begins to have serious misgivings about the capability of her vulva to accept such an enormous appendage. Her genital aperture at this stage is small and apparently inadequate to receive an erect adult penis. The thought terrifies her and she automatically attaches herself to father or some other older male for protection believing that as a male he possesses the only weapon capable of countering any invasion on her body by similarly armed males. Even though she feels helplessly dependent on her father or another male for protection she secretly hates and envies him for possessing such a valuable instrument.

### **Penis envy leads to experimentation**

Soon phantasies are replaced by conjectures. The little girl identifies mother with the green-eyed monster jealousy.

Everything mother does is anti-masculine.

Father is nagged into submission by her whilst little brother is treated as an unwashed, incorrigible little brat whose main anatomical components are frogs and snails and puppy dog's tails. To add to all the confusion she finds herself at loggerheads with brother and other little boys who jeer at her and sometimes ostracize her from their company just because she had been a naughty little girl. And that, they claim, had been cut off because she had been a naughty little girl

sometime way back in her distant unrecollectable past.

Quite often the little girl finds herself confronted by an exhibitionist whose actions effect a tremendous psychological trauma on her imagination. If she is still unaccustomed to the size and morphology of the penis, a situation highly unlikely in this day and age, she experiences a strange mixture of shock and curiosity.

The sight terrifies her because she is unaccustomed to it. She does not own a penis; consequently the person who owns it could harm her like, perhaps, a baton-yielding policeman or a burglar armed with a cosh...a very domineering figure indeed. She is curious because of her unfamiliarity with such an object, her curiosity intensifying with the knowledge that since she does not own anything like it, the person who does must surely be stronger and more powerful than she is. Should she already be aware of what the penis is meant for she promptly recognizes it as the object likely to penetrate her very vitals and condemn her to nine months (hard) labour.



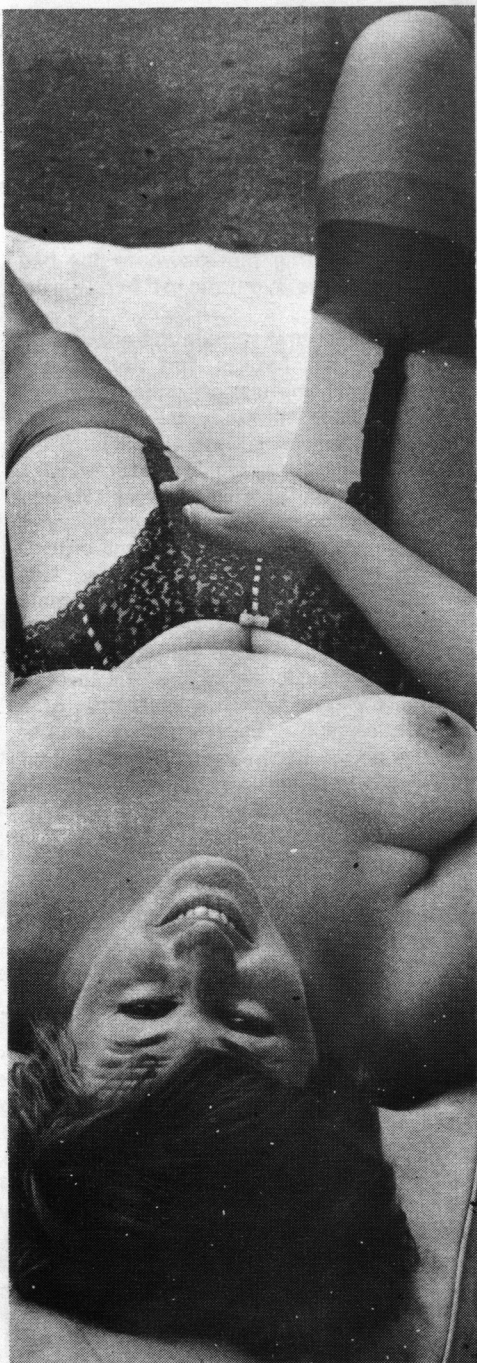
Her curiosity in the exhibitionist's phallic manipulations intensifies her own desire to imitate him. In her attempts to mimic she resorts to a remarkable variety of experiments in order to give herself a penis. The introduction of cylindrical objects

such as pencils, candles, toothbrush handles, even hairpins, is not prompted so much as mechanical aids to masturbation but as forms of phallic substitution in which any rigid, cylindrical object symbolizes the all-important penis. This practice obviously paves the way for masturbation especially when she identifies the intromission of cylindrical objects with erotic pleasure, intense jealousy for the fortunate possessor of such an object follows immediately. The little girl becomes immediately aware that she lacks the vital, intromissible organ which when used effectively imparts pleasure and at times pain to the female.

The desire to protect herself against penile intrusion and subsequent maternity pangs combined with instructions in Religious Knowledge (which in turn conveys the impression that because of her biblical mother Eve's unpardonable crime all women are destined to suffer for ever) may provoke strong masochistic tendencies in her, especially when the serpent in the Garden of Eden personifies the phallus.

Almost immediately she assumes a masochistic role and accepts that the Divinity has decreed she suffer for the rest of her life because, after all, who can argue with God! This, according to Simon de Beauvoir is 'a hostile element within her own body'. The woman's desire to assume the role of the masochist provokes her readiness, if not eagerness, to be exploited by the male. She submits to enslavement, agrees to being prostituted, resigns herself to being raped and at times delights in being infantilized by patronising husbands and parents.

On the other hand when the woman sits back and asks herself the question: why should she suffer whilst her husband, the one with the penis, gets away with everything, her masochism rapidly changes to sadism. More often than not this sadism is merely of the mental or physic type. The vagina, instead of being viewed as a target for masculine assault and brutalization, assumes the role of a gluttonous mouth. With it the woman can not only swallow the offending and enviable penis but also





the entire male himself. At the same time the vulva becomes a veritable trap, a castrating sphincter with which the female can completely emasculate her sexual rival. Psychic sadism of this nature can be seen in the desire experienced by many women to perform coitus in the woman-superior position during which she completely dominates the male, mentally and physically, pinning him down to the bed which to her is symbolic of her eternal enslavement.

The practice of oral stimulation commonly referred to as fellatio has far deeper psychological implications than a mere desire to resort to kinky deviation from orthodox sexual congress. In the penis-envious female, fellatio represents a physis devouring of the male, genitals and all. When the woman insists on cunnilingus or oral stimulation of her vulva and clitoris she again is not acting kinky but demanding (subconsciously) that the male pay homage to her and accept enslavement to her genitals. Thus we find that genital sexuality is transferred to the oral level in which the mouth assumes the status of a domineering vulva. Every male is familiar with the power of the female's mouth and tongue. With it she can insult, goad and humiliate. It can also be employed to impart tremendous erotic pleasure.

The desire to advance further from sexual superiority has resulted in woman's rejection of traditional feminine customs and codes of behaviour. The discarding of the brassiere is an excellent example of the female's emancipation from the fetters imposed upon her by the prudish male. To such a female, the bra may be compared to the crippling, foot-binding of Chinese women or the fanatical restrictions of the thali necklace of Hindu females. To reject the bra is to reject masculine standards of morality.

She cuts her hair because for generations long tresses symbolized her inferiority to the male. The climax of anti-femininity, however, must surely be the wearing of trousers, slacks and denims with frontal zippers. The frontal zip is a strong penis-fetish. Through it the all-important

phallus is withdrawn for urination and perhaps for hurried, clandestine copulation.

More aggressive forms of hitting back at the owner of the penis results in the favourite, almost totally female practice of shoplifting. Kleptomania is also very common in penis-envious females. According to Freud, shoplifting is associated with penis-envy because the woman who commits such a crime is subconsciously snatching away something from someone in higher authority than herself and that authority invariably represents her father. The object stolen symbolizes his penis. In other words, the shoplifter and kleptomaniac are castrating their fathers, depriving them of their authority over their mothers.

Freud's views are shared by Lorand who goes even further to associate shoplifting with hatred for the mother for having weaned her from the breast at too early an age. In this instance, the snatching of articles of value symbolize the mother's nipples being hurriedly withdrawn from the hungry infant's mouth.

A rather rare manifestation of penis-envy is demonstrated in the fondness, if not actual preference, of certain women to have sexual intercourse per rectum. Sodomy has always been classified as a strictly male sexual deviation. In demanding coitus via the anus, the female is desperately trying to assume a masculine role.

When all these methods fail, the penis-envious female becomes clitoris conscious hereby seeking to assert superiority over the male by developing and exploiting the one object in herself which appears to fascinate men.

Ancient Hindu erotic literature is replete with references to the clitoris. No other nation appears to have made such a detailed study of the female genitalia as the Indians. They defied the clitoris, describing it in the most flowing terms with adoring reverence and suggest a 101 different ways in which it can be developed, elongated and shaped into innumerable exquisite variations.

Sir William Jones observed that 'It seemed never to have entered the heads of the Hindu legislators that anything natural could be offensively obscene, a singularity which pervades all their writings but is no proof of the depravity of their morals'.

But writing about sex was not all the Hindu was pre-occupied with. He practised what he preached.

Clitoris cults mushroomed everywhere.

Regular orgasmic rituals were staged in which girls masturbated themselves, each other or with male devotees.

The female genitals or yoni was described and depicted as a blossoming lotus, that exotic, delicate five-petaled sacred flower of the Orient. The

cluster of stamens in the centre of the lotus represented the vagina;

the petals, the inner and outer vulval lips.

But within the lotus was another rare

gem, the most wondrous beauty, the

holy of holies,

the beauty of

beauties. Only

by gently separating the petals

and peeling back

the stamens

could this

priceless treasure

be

revealed.

It was only

then that the

eyes of the be-

holder were daz-

zled by the magnifi-

cence of the clitoris.

The Jewel in the Lotus.

Frank Harris calls it a

"crimson pearl" whilst

another anonymous erot-

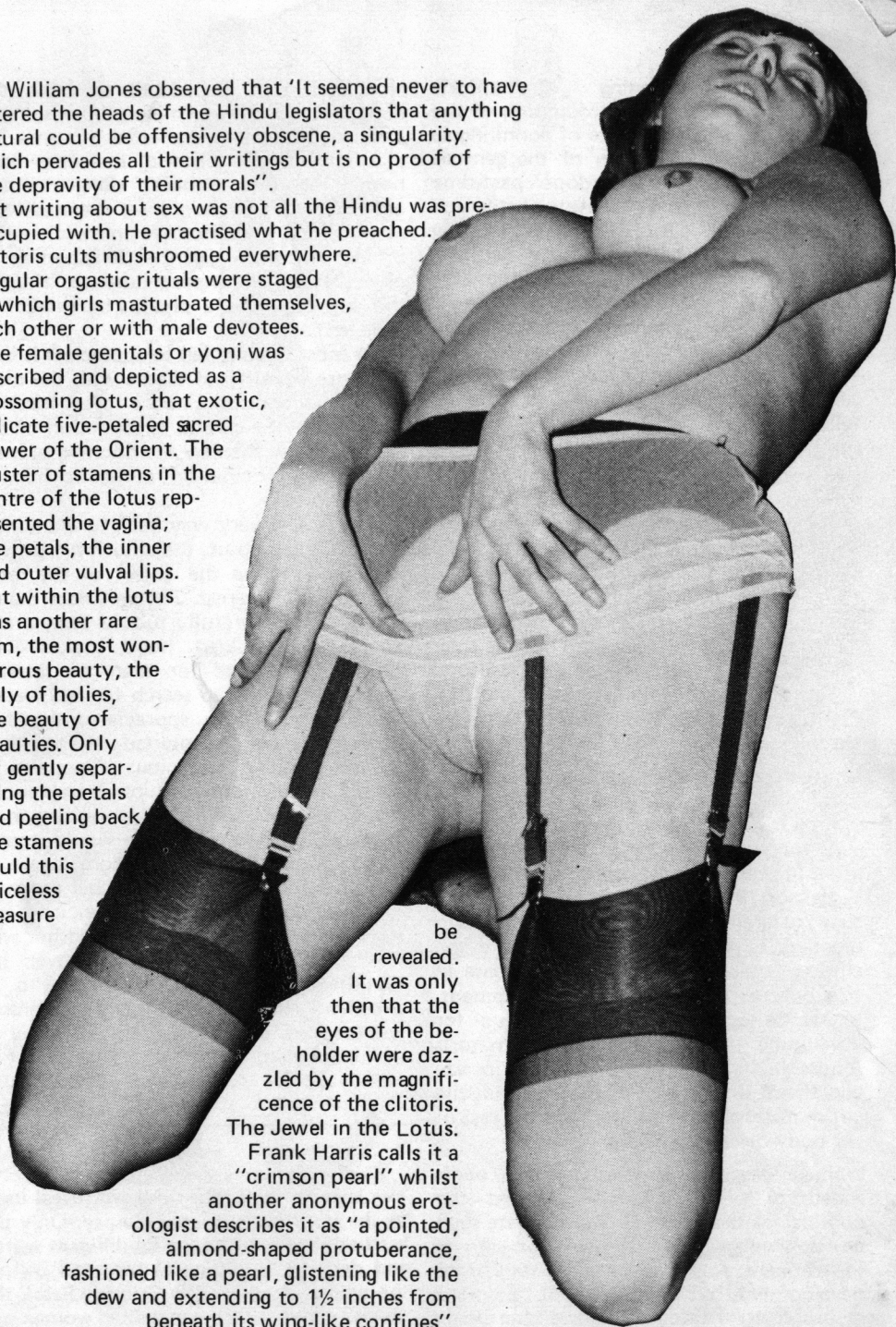
ologist describes it as "a pointed,

almond-shaped protuberance,

fashioned like a pearl, glistening like the

dew and extending to 1½ inches from

beneath its wing-like confines".





With the awakening of clitoris consciousness and the introduction of the bath-tub came the practice of cunnilingus. Hitherto, oral stimulation of the genitals was considered a hazardous past-time undertaken only by the "strong of stomach or the depraved". But with regular bathing and obvious cleansing of the genitals, cunnilingus soon became the fashionable pursuit of the aristocracy. Lesbians adopted the habit quickly and apparently found great solace in the psychic symbolism of cunnilingus which to the suffragette type of lesbian represented fellatio or penis-mouth contact.

Clitoris consciousness in Victorian times also resulted in the infamous cult of the little girl or defloration mania. Several theories have been postulated as to why adult men should cultivate an abnormal sexual interest in immature girls, one of the favourite explanations being that certain sadistically inclined men preferred to deflower virgins and delight in hearing their cries of pain or experiencing "the brutal delights of watching their pitiful contortions" as the rigid adult penis ripped through immature vaginal tissue.

Another popular theory was that somehow the news got around that sexual intercourse with a virgin was a sure-fire cure for venereal diseases. However, a far more logical argument appears to be in the suggestion that the clitoris in very young girls are larger and better developed than in older girls. As the child grows older the clitoris tends not so much to decrease in size but to remain static in development. Ignorance of the proper technique for developing and elongating the clitoris results in its remaining unchanged in size and shape irrespective of the fact that the girl matures into adulthood and the rest of her body develops rapidly.

Women desperately seeking for a penis substitute need not look beyond the confines of their own vulvas to locate such an appendage. It may still be in its insignificant, rudimentary state of development, but given the right treatment it has a tremendous potential for being

elongated and shaped to resemble the dimensions of the much envied penis.

Lesbians have long exploited this amazing plasticity of the clitoris. Instances have been recorded where dilligent and determined females have successfully manipulated the clitoris to an amazing 3 to 5 inches; such gigantic lengthening is obviously for the express purposes of using the appendage as a phallus by masculine type lesbians.

What most females fail to appreciate is that far more equality of status with the male (if not actual dominance over him) is possible by the careful exploitation of the clitoris rather than by the donning of male attire or participation in hectic he-man athletic activity.

Since its discovery way back in mankind's dim and erotic past, the clitoris has proved repeatedly to be the object of the most intense male interest. The very fact that it is hidden and carefully tucked away under a delicately folded hood makes it a worthwhile object for man the eternal inquisitive hunter to search for and locate. Many women have appreciated this fact and ingeniously exploited it to their advantage. The notorious Cleopatra is alleged to have enslaved innumerable men from every walk of life by tantalizing them with her clitoris which she would permit them to search for but seldom locate. It was only the one who offered her the most reward, politically and financially, or someone who sexually fascinated her who was finally permitted to discover her 'Sunshade of the Love-God'. She is an excellent example of how an ingenious woman can exploit her clitoris jewel to dominate men.

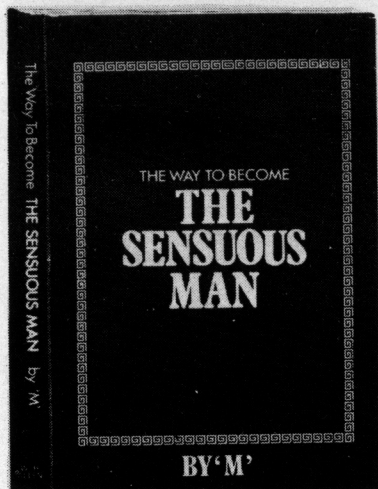
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The Jewel in the Lotus does not reveal itself to the impatient and the clumsy. Only the aesthetic amongst us can by dilligent search and delicate unfolding of the petal behold the magnificence of the Crimson Pearl, the phallus of the truly emancipated woman.

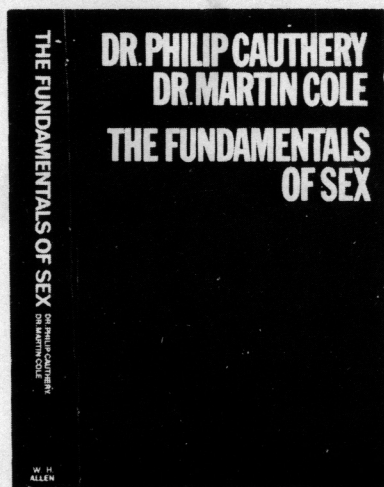




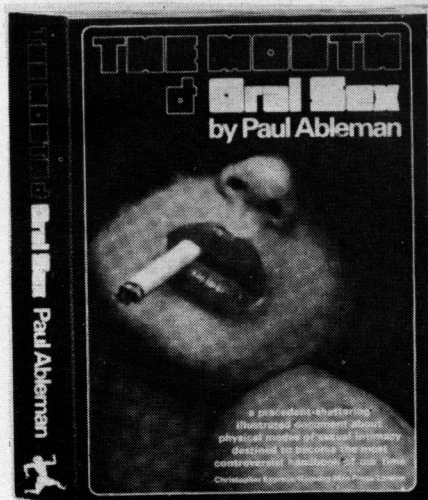




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## Heather Random

again  
discussing the  
cult of the

## RUBBER FETISHIST

**T**he impression gleaned from the many interesting letters published in the Open Arena from readers is that the fascination for rubber is confined mainly to men. Being a woman myself who has, since the first memories of my childhood, been addicted to the lure of rubber, I find this hard to believe. More men than women find pleasure through the medium of wearing rubber I will agree. With few exceptions it is the male who first experiments in the pursuit of pleasure with activities that for most would be considered not quite the norm. Only in recent years have we women began to understand more fully the extra sensory gratifications that can be ours once we break away from the strict conventional

and seek to enjoy ourselves with our inhibitions lifted.

Not that I needed any man to lead me upon the path that has resulted in my becoming, what our housewife contributor in Search Number six described as a 'Disciple of Rubber'. I can claim to be a fully fledged member of the cult and have met men and women with the same avid interest with whom I have enjoyed many a revealing conversation. Only last week I was talking to a young woman who did not realise the significance of the attraction of rubber until she was twenty-two and then it came about in a very roundabout way. She told me she had found it difficult to keep boy friends when in her teens, and although I found this hard to believe for



she was a most attractive girl, I appreciate that some girls develop quite remarkably once they turn twenty. It had been by accident she discovered trim fitting rainwear could be an invaluable ally in ensnaring a boy friend.

It was the smart new fashions in rainwear that gave her the lead she wanted. Few girls in her age group, when the craze to follow trends is strongest, can fail to be tempted to spend their money on the coloured gleaming raincoats when they see them in the shops and looking out at them from the glossy magazines. The desire to be smart, to be 'with it', was the motivation for my friend to buy her first really groovy raincoat, and I can well imagine the gleam in male eyes when they spied this young shapely miss in the black glossy raincoat with the white lapels and belt.

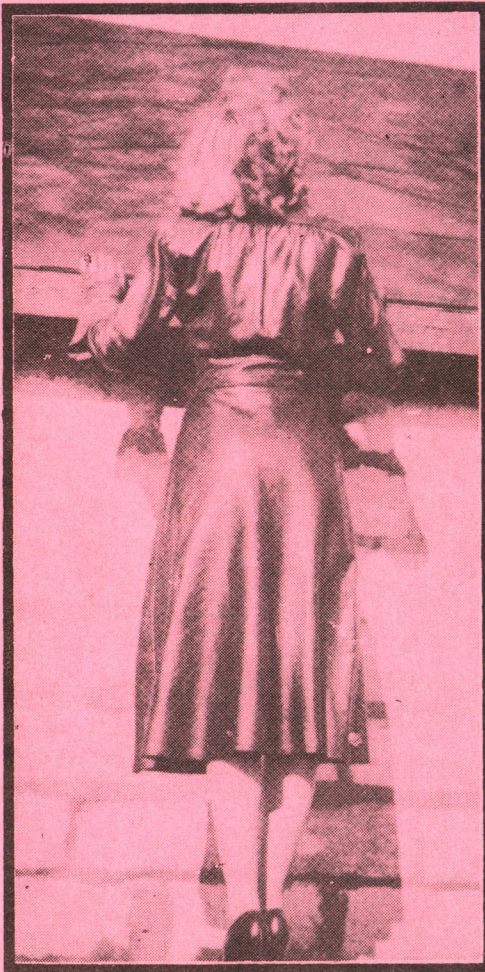
If she previously had reason to complain at the lack of interest from the opposite sex the attention she now received made up for it. The heads turned, the eyes sparkled and my friend was well aware that at last she was coming into her own. The tighter she wore the belt about her slender waist the more attention she provoked, and when she eventually added a pair of matching knee-high boots to

the rainwear apparel and a contrasting hued gleaming hat I would have believed her if she told me she had to fight her way through the hordes of admiring men every time she ventured down the main street.

I must make it clear that there is absolutely nothing abnormal in finding ones libido increased through the sight of a pretty girl clad in a shiny black raincoat with glossy boots that set the heart flip-flapping. On the other hand, although not so prevalent, is the stimulation aroused through witnessing ones partner clad in rubber garments of a more intimate nature. For

example the rubber nightdress—not that the sensual arousal this can cause could be classified as an aberration—few men have the pleasure of experiencing gratification through this medium.

Speaking of a nightdress of rubber reminds me of the husband who suffered from premature ejaculation to the extent of leaving his wife in a constant state of frustration. This young man had often, as a boy obtained sexual pleasure through self-manipulation with the aid of a sheet of thin rubber, and in desperation had suggested to his wife she might solve their conjugal problem if she agreed to wear a nightdress of thin rubber. At first she had not been keen on the idea, but in utter desperation





she finally agreed and it was a black rubber nightie her husband obtained for her that was to change the whole pattern of their sex life.

It was quickly discovered that petting her intimately with the thin rubber as a protective barrier was exciting to them both. The rubber became moist and warm and the young husband's fingering, once so clumsy and inept, was now given a new aptitude with the rubber to help in the slow arousal of his wife. From medically written advice they found from books they knew one way to help overcome premature ejaculation in the male was to more fully arouse the girl before intercourse was attempted—thus the extensive petting through the rubber nightie.

In theory all might be well, in practice the feel of the warm rubber gradually getting damper beneath his probing finger-tips had the effect on my friend's husband not only becoming rampant as quickly as before but alas, the ejaculation was even more premature, the proof of his desire for her spilling out to soil the jet black nightie with its greyish fluid even before he had warning enough to lift the thin rubber from her loins.

This then, was not the answer, or so it would appear from their early experiments with rubber night attire. My friend would not wear her 'special' nightie again until her husband promised her satisfaction with his mouth if he failed to hold himself in check long enough for normal love-making to take place. This he agreed to do and so the rubber-nightie experiment was tried once more. My friend smiled when she went on to explain to me what happened on this occasion. "My husband was very intent and deliberate in his attempts to arouse me" she told me "and I had the greatest difficulty in not passing my peak whilst his nimble fingers went to work, but I was determined to hold out and discover just how close he could get to satisfying me in normal sexual coitus, if at all. It was no use, he 'came' again before I was ready to receive him and I was very angry especially when he failed to keep his promise and instead of making me happy with his

mouth used his fingers which were far from what I wanted. I did not again wear the rubber nightie although he begged me to many times after this and the next incident of note happened when we came home late from a party and being slightly tipsy I felt the urge to tease him. I had worn a new very smart yellow raincoat that evening and remembering the rash promises he had made to me concerning his virility if I wore rubber I stripped down to my briefs, bra and stockings and then put the mac on again before going up to our bedroom. He was already stripping off ready for bed and the sight of his limp organ suddenly awakening when he caught sight of me in my undies and opened bright yellow raincoat gave me a thrill I had not experienced for a long time. This thrill was nothing to the exciting time that followed. My husband was like a new man, being able to make love to me whilst his hands caressed the smooth fabric of the raincoat.



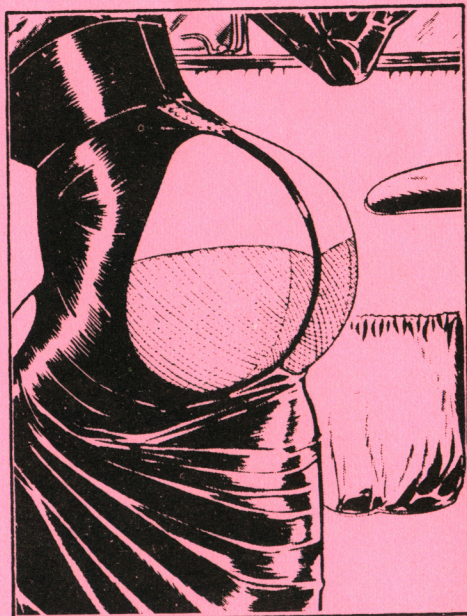




This gave him the will power, strangely enough, to withhold his climax until I was a happy contented woman.

After this I was convinced rubber was going to help me make my husband the lover I had dreamt about. He was as bubbly as a child discovering for the first time the joys of being able to talk or walk and was willing to agree to practically anything I suggested. I bought for him not only rubber mackintoshes that he could wear whilst I wore my own about the house and in our bedroom, but also capes and even a pair of rubber knickers. I realised if he was able to maintain his erection whilst handling my rainwear without coming to a too-soon ejaculation, he should be able to be an even better man if he also was sheathed in smooth tantalising rubber. My experiment paid off better than I could have dared hope. His erection was of a strength that had to be seen to be believed when I had him dressed in a pair of my rubber panties with my yellow raincoat about his shoulders. It was by accident I

discovered another way of getting the loving from him I desired. It came about when he let me down one evening when I had him in his rubber knickers and raincoat and I wore the thin rubber nightie. After he spent long before I was ready for him I told him I was going to punish him and to my delight and surprise he told me this was what he had always wanted to be submitted to and would I use the hair-brush on him. I did better than that. During the first few years of our marriage I had done a lot of horse riding and remembered the short riding crop was still in the spare cupboard. It was this crop, not the hairbrush that I used to chastise his rubber clad backside. I cannot describe the utter ecstasy I experienced as I laid that crop across his bottom and finally being unable to hold myself in check I crushed my body flush along his buttocks and back, my so-thin rubber nightie making massaging contact with the slightly stronger latex of the knickers he was wearing. You can believe me, I had never felt such a weighty organ as now throbbed at the front of his rubber-sheathed





mid-section and when I peeled down his knickers and hoisted up my rubber nightie the stage was set for a fabulous session. Even more fantastic love-making was to follow on subsequent nights for I found my husband was indeed putty in my hands when I put him in rubber and I wore my rubber nightgown. He was willing to do absolutely anything *for me and to me*. Where he had once been so timid at using his mouth he was now a greedy gutsy, much to my great delight and it seemed once I had his face beneath my nightie the warmth and odour of the rubber had a fantastic aphrodisiac effect on him. More than once I had his face close to my loins, my rubberised nightgown forming a shroud over his head and shoulders and for half an hour or more I was subjected to, what the high-minded call, *cunnilingus*, but what my husband and I know as 'loving with the mouth'. I don't care what it is called, it is the effect it has on me that matters, and since rubber took over as the dominant factor in our love-life I have been treated to this mouth-loving as often as I like to wear the rubber night attire. I have now



invested in several more rubberised nighties, some of the short-dolly type, others long and voluminous. My husband likes the long one much better as when I wear this type he can slowly ease himself up under it from my ankles until he is beneath it from his head to his feet, squashed atop of me and we both feel we are slowly but beautifully suffocating under its spell. This last effect is accentuated when I first let him drape a sheet of thin rubber around my head and face before he commences the upward climb from my feet. Once it was my husband who came to the peak of pleasure too quickly, now I often have an ecstasy-spasm several times before we eventually couple. The smell of the rubber against my face as well as the extra stimulation I get from my husband's body being clamped so closely to mine beneath my rubber nightie brings me to a passion I would not have previously thought possible.



The discovery that rubber had this effect on us both resulted in further experiments, mainly brought about during my week of enforced rest from actual sexual intercourse. My husband had never been keen to indulge when I was in period and I used this as an excuse to play more 'rubber-games' with him. I asked him if I could try and make him happy without having actual sex and this he most willingly agreed to without knowing what I had in mind. Once I had him in an agreeable mood I asked him to let me tie him down to our bed after he had stripped off. When I had him spreadeagled out across our bed, I had made sure before making the request I had enough pyjama cords spare to act as restrainers, he was soon helpless and then it was that I gave him the surprise of his life.

I used the rubber knickers again, but this time they were to be over his head sheathed to his face instead of adorning his loins. They were of the very stretchable type and shaped themselves tightly to his facial contours and especially his nostrils.

Every breath he took I knew was sending a wave of rubberised odour down his throat for in desperation for breath he was opening and closing his mouth, and with his wrists corded to the bed he was unable to use his hands to prevent the tantalising 'pleasure-torture' taking place. Next I used the yellow raincoat he had found so stimulating to his libido when it sheathed to my naked body. This time it was to lay to *his* naked flesh and I arranged it so that his rampant penis reared through the rear slit and was the only part of his body not covered in rubber. I had the urge to use my crop on that proud maleness and yet not being sadistic by nature I did not want to inflict real pain on my husband, yet the longer I gazed at his so-vulnerable organ the fiercer became my desire to try something new on him. I got the crop from the drawer where it had rested since the last session when it had been used as a chastising instrument on his buttocks. He could not see what I was preparing to do, for although the knickers over his face were of very thin latex they were not



sufficiently transparent to give him a chance to spy through them.

I raised the crop about two feet above his loins and drew in my breath as I prepared to bring it down across that upstanding stem, but I hesitated. It could hurt him too much and what was more worrying, I might do him physical harm I hesitated, and suddenly I knew the answer. I wrapped my bright yellow glossy raincoat tightly about his legs and stomach and used the broad belt to snaffle his loins so his penis was forced flat to his stomach and covered by the raincoat which formed a sufficiently protective covering to allow me to use the crop. I raised my arm again and this time there was little need for hesitation. I saw the outline of his organ beginning to thrust the raincoat upwards with its power of virility, such was his reaction to the rubber knickers across his face and the mackintosh sheathed to his body, and in great excitement I snapped the crop down across the front of his body. The gurgles and gasps that came from the face buried under the rubber knicks were not cries of pain but of new-found









ecstasies. It took half a dozen well aimed blows of the crop, not hard blows but sufficiently forceful to sting that sensitive region, before I obtained the result I craved...the involuntary spasmodic jerkings of a male in sexual abandon.

I did not expect this turn of events in our 'rubber-loving' to pass without retaliation. The next evening it was my turn to be the passive one, my husband was to be the dominant power with the riding-crop. Not that he wanted to hurt me any more than I had sought to harm him, but by this time we both knew a certain amount of mild pain was likely to make the subsequent orgasm all the more enjoyable and so I willingly allowed him to strap me to the bed in similar fashion to his subjugation. He did not cover my face with the rubber knickers for there is not the same sexy feeling given to a woman from this fetish but before using the restraining cords on me he had asked me to wear the longest of my rubberised nightgowns. I half guessed why he wanted me to wear a long gown, it was to drape it upwards from my tummy to cover my face so that as he gently, almost reverently, used the crop close to my Mound I could inhale the smell of warm rubber. I found I could derive further devious stimulation of my senses by slowly turning my head from side to side and allowing the soft rubber to massage my cheeks and chin. My husband could be cruel with that crop but I trusted him and knew he would not harm me...indeed the only harm he was likely to cause me was strain as a result of my fearful writhing as he so slowly—so beautifully brought me to my wondrous climax with the leather loop of the crop gently tapping away at the ultra-sensitive surround of my clitoris without once touching the bud itself.

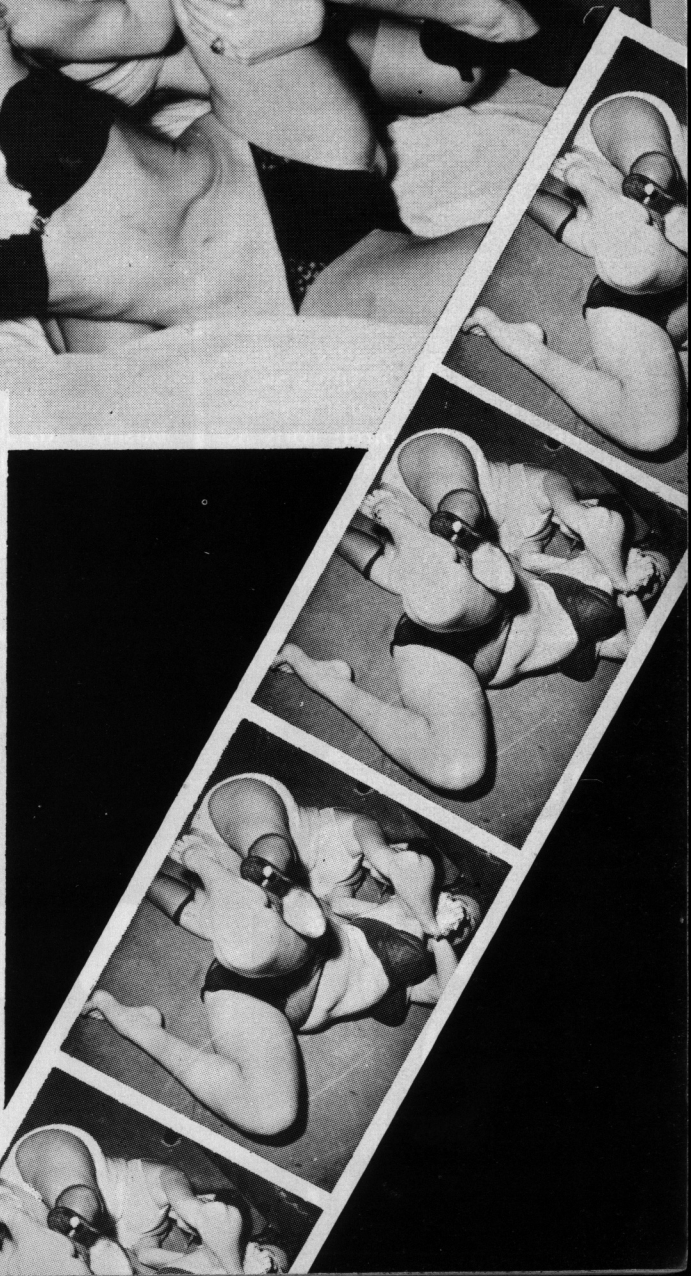
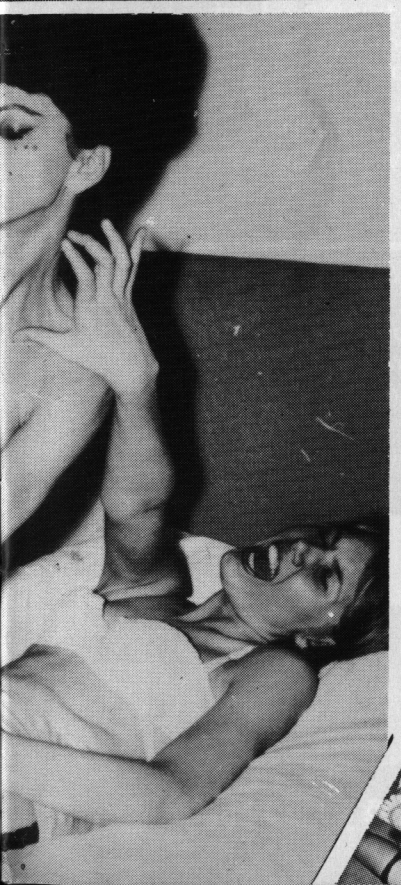
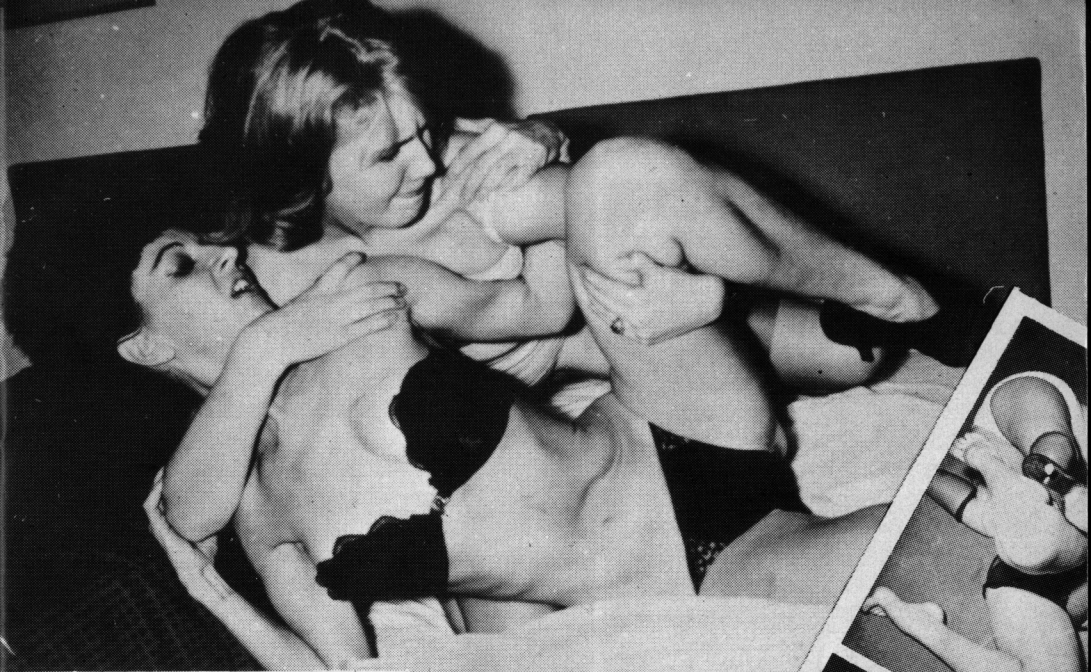
Events proved that now we had discovered the allure of rubber my husband and I could experiment in games connected with the wearing and usage of rubber garments that provided us with gratification undreamt of before. But more about these when I talk to you again."













Of all the instruments of punishment which have been applied to the human body the birch-rod, so famous in English flagellation records has always seemed to me to possess certain feminine characteristics. Unlike the direct and forceful whip, or the arrogant cane, the birch is subtle, malicious, infinitely variable, and deceptive. Far less formidable in appearance than such implements as the cat o' nine tails, dogwhip, or heavy paddle, yet it can hurt, and wielded effectively, hurt abominably. It is, too, woman like infinitely variable. Some, as used here and there to this day by call girls and the like, are sparse and slender, stinging the victim's skin, but leaving little after soreness. On the other hand the birch rods as formerly used in prison, or at public schools, were, or are formidable in weight and effect. One recipient has compared the birch to the cane in this way; that

the immediate sting of the cane is sharper than that of the birch, but that the pain of the birch is heavier and more lasting, that is of the full sized heavy instrument under which he suffered.

The stock pattern of birch rod is this, a number of strong, well-budded, carefully selected twigs, bound together on a cigar shaped bundle, tightly compressed at the grip, swelling towards the middle, then tapering almost to a point. The effect is that the shorter twigs arranged about the circumference of the birch, the longer towards the centre, spread across the flesh exposed to its caress, and further the side spurs, if the true birch tree is used, other less bushy rods similarly bound can be employed, but 'Madam Birch' herself, in true feminine style, prys and intrudes upon parts of the victim's body less accessible to whip or cane.

*Unlike the forceful whip or the arrogant cane THE BIRCH is a subtle instrument of flagellation.*

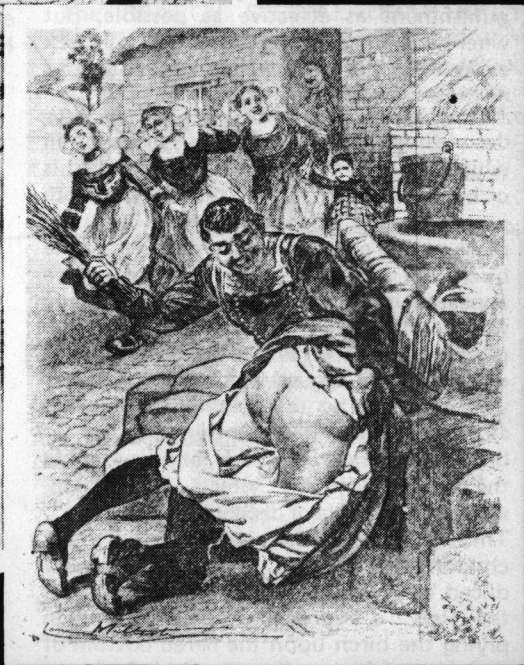
*We are privileged to publish this feature submitted by JAMES BEECHER*

**Madam**

*whose knowledge of the history of Madam Birch enables him to write in such authoritative style.*

# Birch

**Madam Birch intrudes where wh**



**ip or cane fail to reach**



# Twigs that curl and sting

For, whilst these may be employed upon the clothed body, the birch is always used on the naked flesh; and whilst others, the cane in particular, may be applied to the hand or other part, the birch almost invariably upon the bottom, and the naked bottom at that. It can easily be seen that such an instrument can make itself felt not only on the broad swelling buttocks, but outlying twigs can and do curl between the stretched cheeks of the bottom to sting the tender flesh of the inward curve of the cleft.

Looking through the literature of the birch, which is fairly abundant, a variety of positions to receive its stinging caress have been described, sometimes in great detail. When the sole object is punishment, the position adopted is designed to make that punishment as effective as possible. But where the birch is applied as part of a sex experience, positions are varied to the tastes of those concerned.

Taking the first cases of birching, we have descriptions of a number of positions in which the victim is compelled to receive his or her punishment; for, in the not so remote past, girls and women as well as boys or, more rarely, grown men, were subject to the birch. As late as 1938 a correspondence appeared in a daily paper, the topic being whether the birch was appropriate for the punishment of errant girls. An indignant correspondent argued emphatically that it was not; for, he urged, the girl must be stripped of her underclothing, forced to bend over a chair or couch, and flogged on the naked buttocks, which, he insisted, violated every rule of decency.

This punishment might be applied to young children. There exists, and has been reproduced in Cooper's well known "History of the Rod" a representation of a woman plying the birch upon the bared bottom of an infant of four or five years old. And even Kings were not exempt from this fate. There is, amongst the surviving State Papers of the 15th Century, a document under the seal of

the infant King Henry VI, authorising his nurse to chastise his person, should this seem necessary, without incurring the penalties for High Treason (in case of a woman to be burned alive, from which fate the hardest mediaeval governess might well recoil). Such small children were usually held across the lap of the operator, a humiliating position, sometimes applied, I suppose for this reason, to older delinquents; but this position does not give the full sweep of the birch, however suitable it may be for hand spanking.

For older offenders many poses were enforced. At a well known public school we have the famous birch block, a kneeling step, and above this the main body of the block. The ceremonial associated with birchings by the formidable Headmaster was very elaborate. The culprit was faced by the Headmaster, the Prefect of the Birch, and





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one or more holders-down. His offence was recited in detail, with observations by the Head, and he was ordered to lower his trousers. Then he was forced to kneel on the step and bend over the block. For convenience younger boys, liable to more floggings than the senior members, wore the "bum-freezer" jacket; this had the advantage that it need not be removed to expose the bottom for punishment. The birch, a fresh instrument for each victim, which, to add injury to insult, was an item in the next school bill, was then handed to the Head by the attendant prefect, whilst the holders down turned up the shirt to expose the bottom.

Unlike the over-the-lap pose this position allowed the fullest sweep of the birch, applied slowly, so that the pain of each cut reached its climax and began to fade before the next stroke revived it. This technique was not confined to punishment as such; those who applied the birch for sex stimulation followed this pattern. The sufferer was expected to accept all this in silence; if he was heard to yell, and the punishment room was surrounded by eager listeners, he was regarded as a coward.

Alternatively a boy could be "horsed". His wrists would be grasped by another boy, preferably bigger than himself, and he would be posed suspended from the other's back, the "horse" bending forward slightly so as to thrust the victim's bottom into a suitable poise. This was the common form in smaller schools, and several illustrations showing it in action are known. It was at times used for girls as well. Its advantage was that no elaborate preparation was necessary; just the command—

"Trousers down Sir; hoist him!"

Further it gave opportunity for a particularly painful cut, sweeping slightly upwards towards the point of contact, the tender area where bottom and thighs merge. This a bend over victim might try to shield by thrusting his bottom back to take the cuts on the curve of the buttocks.

In small private schools too the birch was much in evidence, sometimes with a sexual undercurrent. Thus we hear of one mixed school, girls and younger boys, where the procedure had such a significance. Birchings of boys took place at bedtime, the boys at this date wearing of course nightshirts. Mistress and a buxom maid entered the dormitory; the victim was hoisted on the maid's back, which was deliberately thinly clad; and she habitually held the boys' hands against her bare breasts whilst the mistress laid on with the birch; inevitably the writhing boy might have an orgasm; and we are told, some deliberately sought chastisement, for this end.

The birch, severely applied, always drew blood. As any schoolboy used to know a caning was followed by inspection, by his fellows, of the marked bottom, often with comments on the master's skill. In case of the birch this was combined in some instances with a kind of ceremonial washing of the scored flesh. In some cases, we are told, where exceptional severity had been used, fragments of the twigs had to be picked out of the bottom. A curious book purporting to describe a ladies' Whipping Club in Paris, "The order of the Rod," puts into the mouth of a convent-bred member a reminiscence of her school birchings by the Superior; sympathetic nuns afterwards made sure that no such fragments remained embedded in the skin of the birched girl; but this was rebuked as pampering by the harsher Sisters.

Nor was such punishment confined to school; home birching was common enough. Boys might be birched by their fathers or guardians; others by tutors employed by families which did not send their sons to the public schools. One such, a man called Hopkins, was the centre of a well known case; a pietist and sadist in charge of a backward youth, he first prayed over his victim, and then birched him so severely that he died as a result. The

# Deliberately seeking chastise



**ement for orgasm pleasures**



# Kneel and kiss the Birch

legal issue was whether this involved malice, and thus murder, or merely excessive zeal in carrying out a lawful chastisement. Hopkins' neck was saved by the latter decision. Girls were commonly birched by mothers or other female guardians, though some male parents birched both sexes in their families. Mistresses birched servant girls; governesses pupils of either sex; they often took charge of boys too young for the rough and tumble of schools as they were in the 18th or 19th centuries, especially before Arnold of Rugby, who flogged of course, vide Tom Brown, but in moderation.

We have a passage in a book of reminiscences "Diary of a Lady of Quality" relating how the Lady, annoyed by a new lady's maid's insolent and uncouth behaviour, determined to birch her. The girl protested that she had never been birched before, and tried to resist. The Lady of Quality expressed her surprise at the negligence of her new maid's parents, and finally the girl gave way, stripped and bent over, and was duly birched, the Lady noting with some complacency how clean and shapely her bottom was, compared to the sallow skinny behinds of her own daughters.

We have accounts, some no doubt fictional, others based upon genuine experiences, of the elaborate ceremonial sometimes adopted by governesses for the correction of offending pupils. One such story describes how the girl to be punished had to attend the governess in her quarters. Here she was first compelled to make up the birch for her own penance, "to make a rod for her own breach". Then she had to kneel, confess her fault, beg her governess for a suitable punishment and kiss the rod. An oft quoted remark contrasts this elegant ceremonial with the spectacle of some rough, coarse female snatching at a ragged bundle of sticks, dragging down the garments of her victim, and slashing away without restraint. The first method was

regarded as suited to an elegant lady, a charming spectacle if the victim were finely formed and well fleshed. Thereafter the culprit might be 'horsed' on a maid's back, or made to bend over a chair or couch, and the birch she had herself assembled laid across her quaking bottom.

At fashionable finishing schools for girls an even more elaborate ritual might be employed; and such girls were not immune from the birch, however well grown, till they left the school. Cooper's History of the Rod describes the birching of such a young lady on her last day at school, and, what is more, the very day before she was to be married. Her husband must have received an unexpected honeymoon spectacle!

One description of the ceremony at such a school runs as follows. The errant girl would be called out before her assembled companions. The offence of which she had been guilty was read out from the dreaded Black Book; then an attendant maid would be ordered to "prepare Miss so and so". The girl would then withdraw, to be stripped of her ordinary clothing, and clad in a "punishment dress" usually a single shift of linen. Thus robed she was brought back to the classroom, where a desk had been placed in position. This desk would be fitted with "stocks" a pair of hinged boards with half moon hollows cut in them, commonly used in conjunction with a "backboard" to enforce correct deportment upon pupils expected to adorn high society in elegant postures. Having knelt and kissed the birch, the victim would be forced to put her ankles in the stocks, which were then closed on her. Then she had to bend as tight as she could across the desk, being held down by an assistant mistress, or the maid, and her bottom bared. Then the headmistress attended to her naked buttocks with the birch, the whole school looking on, till she was satisfied with the severity of the punishment. The sobbing girl, girls were not expected to preserve the stoic silence of boys, thanked the mistress for her

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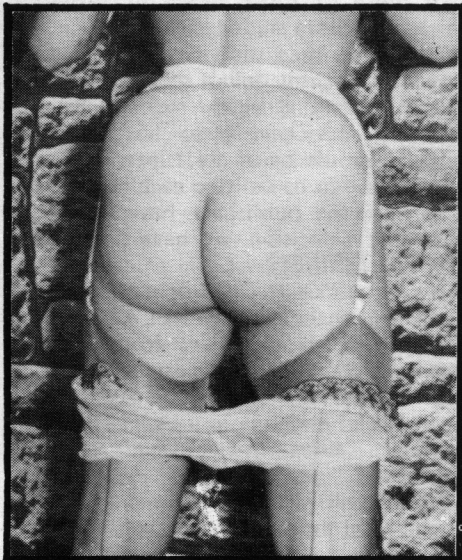
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correction and was led away. In some schools the pupils were so firmly disciplined that they were expected to bare their bottoms and bend over of their own accord, without mechanical or other restraint. Truly our grandmothers were a hardy race. We have a tale of a young rake who, by producing a bogus Royal Commission to enquire into the discipline of English girls' schools, managed to witness such a flogging, the girl assuming her position without any holding down, and maintaining it whilst her bare bottom was furrowed by the mistress's birch, to the delight of the witness.

Adults too might suffer under the birch by judicial order, as male juvenile delinquents whether in England or elsewhere often did.



But more usually, allegedly for modesty's sake, adults were whipped on the naked back and shoulders keeping their lower garments in place. However, we have one authentic account in a famous French affair, the Diamond Necklace fraud perpetrated by several rogues on the eve of the French Revolution; the fraud required that Queen Marie Antoinette should be personated; the

personater, Louise de la Valliere, was sentenced to a term of imprisonment, plus a public birching by the Paris executioner, the famous Sanson. It would seem that the Queen wished to spare this young woman the full humiliation, for, we are told by her order, the punishment was inflicted in public as ordered by the court, but at a very early hour in the morning, no notice having been given, so that only a few witnesses were present.

Birching of women in German prisons was known; the victim extended naked on a bench, and flogged. "Nell in Bridewell" fiction founded on fact, describes such a flogging of a naked girl who was in prison for the murder of a cruel stepmother. Nell herself was subject to an even severer instrument, applied over thin drawers, but one of the privileged spectators suggested that the prison doctor should be persuaded to certify that Nell, a delicate girl, was not fit to be subjected to so severe a weapon, and that when the time came for her next punishment (which in the end she never received) the birch should be employed; a note, perhaps superfluous, points out that the reason for this apparently humane proposal, by a young man, was that for the birch her bottom would have to be exposed naked!

There are numerous other accounts, some rather repititive. But punishment was not the only reason for applying the birch. It might be used for sexual gratification, either wholly, in case of an absolute masochist, or as a preliminary, or accompaniment, of the delights of sexual congress or stimulation by other means. This is now rare for several reasons. First the 'birch requires constant renewal; once the weapon has been used, even if then in the most perfect condition, it sheds some of its twigs and is far less effective if applied again; and if kept for any length of time the twigs dry and become brittle, so that the birch is no longer of any use, but disintegrates in the course of a single usage.

## The teasing Birch-rod



In the past even in London, far from available fresh birch branches, there were many birch-rod and broom makers from whom these instruments could be bought in mint condition. One such survived in London Trades Directory of the late 1930s. I believe none now remain. Consequently the ladies of the call-girl profession now prefer the more durable whippy cane to stimulate their clients.

But in the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the picture is very different. There were in London scores of "birching parlours" elaborately equipped; for humbler clients the lowest rank of prostitutes generally had a birch rod available, as shown in Hogarth's print of Jack Idle's hovel, where an ugly looking female is shown sitting up in bed, a birch rod hung on the wall above her.

Perhaps the most famous of all these establishments was that of Mrs. Theresa Berkeley, who also left an account of her activities illustrated with sketches, which covers almost every imaginable vagary in this line. She had, of course, other weapons in stock, whips, canes, and so forth, even in their season, nettles to sting the bare bottoms of her more choosy customers, who were incidentally, not all of the male sex.

However, the birch being our theme here, it was certainly one of the most numerous instruments kept handy in Mrs. Berkeley's establishment, fresh birches guaranteed for each customer. Moreover she devised a special apparatus for applying the birch, or of course other implements, but the birch appears to have been that most often favoured. This was an arrangement of planks hinged like an easel to a pair of supports, the whole thing adjustable to any desired position. To this the victim was bound, his (or occasionally her) head projecting through one hole in the framework, a large area cut away to expose stomach and genital regions, and other holes to grip the ankles. Thus poised the devotee of the

birch and of sex could be effectively birched perhaps by Mrs Berkeley herself, a noted expert, whilst his sexual parts were stimulated by a naked girl posted behind the "horse". Mrs Berkeley had the equivalent of the later "two way mirror" spy holes overlooking the punishment chamber, where spectators, often women, could witness the exciting proceedings. We are told of wives paying to be allowed to witness their errant husbands, ignorant of the fact that the wife had detected his activities, being duly flogged and titillated. No doubt he heard about it afterwards.

A variant was for a naked girl to be stretched on a table, as a sort of living flogging horse. The man was then tied in position upon her bare body, his penis to the girl, and then flogged by another girl till he satisfied his partner. We are told of one angry wife who persuaded the mistress of such an establishment (not I think Mrs Berkeley) to induce the man to be blindfolded for this ceremony. He was then, unknown to himself, birched with special ferocity by his revengeful wife.

One letter to this lady has survived, exhibiting an unusual degree of masochism. The writer complains that he cannot find a woman to satisfy him, offers a sum of money to be flogged severely till he bleeds; increases the offer "if the blood runs down to my heels" and yet further if he is rendered unconscious by the agony inflicted!

But Mrs Berkeley catered too for fashionable ladies with unusual demands. She had at her disposal a number of hefty young guardsmen, underpaid and willing to add to their meagre earnings at the cost of a birching by a woman. On request an appointment would be made; the lady would be allowed to inspect a covey of potential victims, all stark naked, and choose her partner, who would then accompany her to a chamber provided with the main necessities, birch and bed, and there, after suitable punishment, gratify his

## The taunting Birch-rod



# The masochistic Birch-rod

mistress in the manner she required.

But this was not all. Mrs Berkeley provided also for men who liked whipping women. She herself was said to have a taste for feeling as well as applying the birch, and, in her early days, it was rumoured she had exposed her bottom, one reputed to be of exceptional magnificence, to favoured, and of course wealthy clients. Later she had in her service a number of girls who would submit to the birch, one in particular, known as Big Bertha, who preferred being

birched to wielding that instrument on a male. For a suitable fee Mrs Berkeley would arrange a flogging session for male or female clients who wished to operate upon a girl's behind. She is said to have exercised the most scrupulous care, and to have kept a watch upon such activities, ready to interfere if the flagellant lost his (or her) head, and applied the birch too savagely or for more cuts than the agreed quota.

Other centres would provide all kinds of birching exhibitions. We hear of mock schools, where, on a stage before an excited audience of both sexes, the whole ritual of the birch was solemnly enacted, the "submissives" being well paid pageboys, guardees, or girls suitably rewarded for compliance. In other cases the client would witness, or even participate in a scene between governess and pupil along the lines already described.

A further refinement of birching reported in a number of stories of this kind, obviously giving considerable sadistic satisfaction to the flagellant, less certainly stated to produce furious sex reactions in the flogged, was this. The victim might be forced to assume a straddle-legged position over some kind of 'horse'. Then the wielder of the birch would lay on the rod vertically, so that it scored the tender parts between the buttocks, and the sex organs themselves. This, it was stated, produced

actual orgasm in women subject to the "whipping-in" process as it was called. One wonders whether this is ever done today by sex flagellants, or whether, if it is, any victim could confirm, or deny the theory that this method, painful as it must be, nevertheless produces extreme sex reactions in a masochist submitted to it.

In this way and that therefore the birch was a very active instrument



whether of punishment or sex stimulation in the past. But its glory has departed. As an instrument of punishment it survives only in a few select schools; as a sex-stimulant it is now rare, for reasons earlier discussed. Its place in *bourdoir* punishment whether by professionals or privately between lovers, as described in some letters to *Search* has been taken by the cane, or some other instrument. The birch is now a matter of history; this article professes no more than to sketch some portion of its story.





Taking time out from  
television's new 'CASANOVA' series

## Josephine Peters

graces our centre-pages









# THE OPEN ARENA

Personal and private  
letters  
to the editor  
for the readers of  
SEARCH

## Yen to be Spanked

Dear Sir,

I have always wanted to be spanked by a woman, but this seems to be a dream that will never come true as the situation has to occur naturally and not staged. I try to initiate my wife and although she complies it isn't the same. I have had her put me across her lap, then spank me, scold me and finally masturbate me while spanking. I always spank her during intercourse, mounting her from the rear and always during our climax.

I think my obsession with spanking dates from an early age when we were taught by Catholic nuns and I witnessed a young nun spank many of the youths in our class, sometimes across her lap and sometimes across her desk, but always trousers down and bare bottom. Even in those early years it used to cause me to have an erection.

Let me congratulate you on your photographs, particularly the rear shots. Personally I prefer the mature type of model, 35 to 40, who I think beat the young dollies hands down. This type of

model taken from the rear, fully dressed; gloves, hat, etc., and then NUDE from the



waist down with panties at full sail below her knees, or nude with hat and stockings only, these being neated rolled below the knee (sexier than full length) would be terrific. Also full length rear shots with only black thigh length boots — Ah!

I would dearly love to see photos of a mature lady spanking a young girl.

Yours,

J.W. Yorks.





## Sexual Turning Point

Dear Editor,

I feel I must write to you again and tell you that your magazine, "Search", gets better every issue. I do look forward to it every month and judging by the letters you get there must be many people like myself. There are numerous magazines in the shops very similar to yours but in my opinion they are nowhere near the standard you set with your helpful and stimulating articles and photographs, where the lovely girls do seem to be actually enjoying having their photographs taken and exhibiting themselves to us. The photos of the girl illustrating the splendid article by Cynthia Van Reyk in issue No. 9 I like particularly, also the splendid figure of the lady on pages 48 and 49. Wonderful! Another thing that gives me a feeling of warmth when I am reading the letters, is, the answers you give people. They are very friendly indeed and I'm sure this friendly attitude will give readers encouragement to write in to you and tell you of the experiences they have had.

To get back to the article by Cynthia Van Reyk, which in my opinion is one of the finest bits of reading on coitus I have ever read, I have always held the opinion that the rear entry position can't be bettered, both for comfort and easy of entry. I worked as a stockman on a farm some years ago and part of my job was to keep records of any matings I saw, also any births, so as you can imagine I had quite a few close-ups of various animals having intercourse. Why I mention this is that, especially with cattle, the bull when he pushed his penis in and out of the cows vagina, also pushed her clitoris in as well which caused the cow in question tremendous excitement which set me thinking because I had always been sexually excited at the sight of my wife on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor, which she always did in those far-off days. I was always tempted to mount her but was put off in case she thought I was going round the bend, because I had never read or heard anybody speak about having sex in this

position.

One day I had gone home to have my lunch and my wife was leaning across our large kitchen table reading the local newspaper. This particular paper is quite a bit larger than most other papers and she had laid it flat on the table to ease her aching arms. Every now and again to read anything at the top of the page she would stretch her body across the table-top with her bum stuck out and I was trying to imagine what her fanny would look like in that position. I thought to myself there is only one way to find out so as quick as I could I lifted her frock up to her waist and slipped her knickers down to her knees and much to my surprise she parted her legs as much as her knickers would allow but enough for me to see that she was as excited as I was. I had never seen her lips apart before like this ready to receive me and receive me she did. Up until this time we hadn't had much of a sexual life mainly I think due to ignorance of the facts of life and the fact that we had had three children rather quickly which had made my wife rather wary of me. We were using a mixture of french letters which were terrible, the withdrawal method which was worse still, and mutual masturbation which wasn't too bad, but this particular day was really a turning point as far as sex was concerned. I thought the table was going to collapse under us. We got so excited and when we came, it was such an overwhelming feeling I shall never forget it as long as I live. For the rest of the day my heart beat furiously and my legs felt as if they were made of rubber. I felt so elated that when I went home from work I asked my wife when we went to bed if she would have it on her hands and knees. This she readily agreed to do and the next half-hour also I will always remember. From then on we experimented with different positions and although these incidents happened a good many years ago we have never tired of each other. Whatever I suggest my wife agrees to give it a try and if we don't like it there is no further mention of it, in that way no one is hurt.

I do so sincerely wish you continued



success with your magazine. I will write to you again about other incidents that stand out in my mind if I may. Until then the best of luck.

D.U. Cheshire

*Your letter has again confirmed, as if any further confirmation was needed, that as soon as petty inhibition are overcome the enjoyment derived by both husband and wife in pursuit of sexual pleasures can be truly 'out of this world' and satisfying beyond belief.*

*To be on the same 'wave-length', physically as well as mentally, with one's partner can result in mutually shared pleasures. Gratifying pleasures that leave both man and woman in a warm cocoon of well-being, giving incentive to set about the daily tasks in good heart and enabling them to more fully appreciate the sheer joy of LIVING.*

Editor.

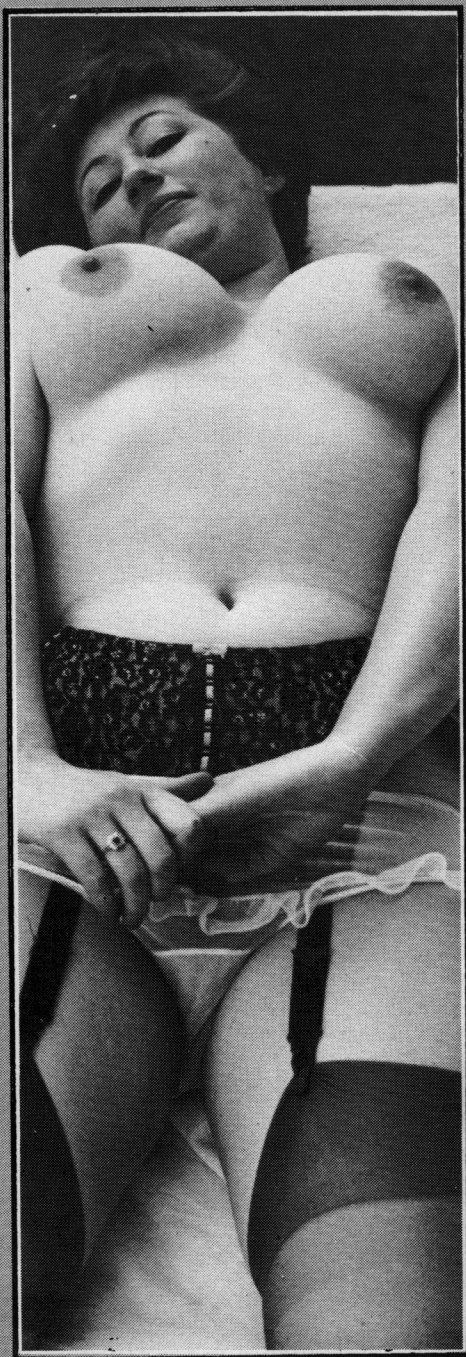


#### Further Mammae Adoration

Dear Sir,

You invite sincere comment on the letter submitted by A.A.F. in Issue No.9. I suppose you never anticipated a reply from a female and I have hesitated three days whether to do so. I decided because it surely is a topic hitherto unmentioned by any of the other magazines and it is one that probably will interest quite a number of your readers. I only ask that my name and address be withheld for obvious reasons.

I am 33 and married to a commercial pilot. Four years ago I gave birth to a son and after five days returned to my flat where I was looked after by a daily maid who had had experience in childbirth problems. I freely admit that I fancied a young man who lived in a neighbouring flat in my block. When opportunity offered itself we indulged in quite mild petting. Never did we have intercourse. He was four years my senior and unmarried. He came to visit me and to bring flowers and chocolates after I returned to the flat. On his second visit he



entered my bedroom while I was in fact suckling the child and for some reason or other I made no attempt to cover up my ample breasts. I could see he was intrigued by the sight and I could furthermore see that he was physically roused. I smiled. "Lucky baby" he said. "Would you like to be in his place?" I asked. He nodded and came closer to watch the infant take my now enlarged nipple in his tiny mouth. He called again in the evening after I had given my last feed of the day and somehow, when I heard him coming in at the front door (he had my key) I decided again to expose to a certain degree my breasts. He sat on my bed and took my hand. I pulled it to my breasts and he began to stroke them very gently. This roused me in a way I had never experienced before and I dared myself to suggest that he took the infant's place. He took off his jacket and took hold of my right breast and began softly to lick my nipple which was fully erect. I suggested he remove his trousers too and lay on the bed. I took him in my arms and he began to suck me. Sure enough my milk flowed freely. I could feel it. I saw too some of it on his lips. It was an incredible experience. Both his hands clasped my naked breasts and his mouth remained glued to the right one and he sucked hard. I realised that he was close to orgasm. I managed to reach for a hand towel just in time for he shot his copious semen into it. We lay there exhausted. It had been for me my most thrilling experience. But we repeated this performance several times during the next two weeks. He loved it and so did I. It was so very intimate I cannot describe the feeling. Once, I think it was the fourth visit I became so excited I felt that I was climaxing. Imagine my amazement when I discovered I was in fact urinating! I soaked the sheet. I could not stop. He never knew this however. Now, still I have never had intercourse with this young man. He lives several miles away these days but when we do meet, it is always the right breast that he worships. I wonder whether other girls in this position have experienced this thrill. I do assure you it is a wonderful thrill. (Mrs.) M.B. London

## Sex at Sixty

Dear Sir,

I find that since I have been 55 years old my sexual appetite cannot be easily satisfied. I am now 60 years old and I would have thought my desire for sex would have eased off a little but the reverse is happening to me. I have two or three very hard erections daily and can ejaculate each time and strange enough, I never feel tired after each ejaculation which at 60 years of age I thought I would. My wife who is 59 simply cannot keep up with my sexual demands and after intercourse is worn out and it takes 3 or 4 days to get over it. The result is that I have several mistresses who I am able to take to bed when my desire to have sex arrives and I always leave them more than satisfied or so many of my bed companions tell me after my performance (and they range in age from 18 to 64). Several of my lady friends say I have a large penis. It is, on erection, 9½ inches long with a knob circumference of 5½ inches. I would be interested to know if any of your readers, male or female, have the same problem of being satisfied as I do. I think Search is doing a wonderful job as regards photos, features and your "Open Arena" and in my opinion, there is no other publication like it. Keep up the good work and good luck to all you do.

Yours truly,

H. K. B'ham.



## Water Fetish Frolics

Dear Sir,

This is a plea for letters from your readers on the subject of Wet Clothes on attractive girls. To me the most exciting thing is to see a girl getting soaking wet while fully dressed in ordinary clothes including shoes and stockings. In Issue 2 you had two photos of a beauty sitting and kneeling in a stream with all her clothes on. Please let us have more with a write up in support.

A few years ago I was holidaying in



Cornwall with my girlfriend, who later became my wife. We'd been lucky in finding a deserted sandy cove and were lying close together on the sand with our feet a yard or so from the edge of the sea indulging in a mild bit of love play. My girlfriend, Wendy, was wearing a plain little white silk dress, with long sleeves and underneath had on a pair of lovely bright red silk briefs but with no bra to spoil the perfect shape of her full round breasts. She also wore, I'm glad to say a fine pair of nylons tautly held up with a dainty little suspender belt (so much more exciting than tights) and on her feet she had a neat pair of white leather shoes with a three inch heel. I was suddenly aware that the tide was slowly coming in and was lapping at our feet. So I said to Wendy, "We'd better move back or we'll be getting soaked." But she just pressed herself closer to me and said, "Please David let's just lie here and get wet while you make love to me." And so with the water slowly creeping up we kissed and petted until we were drenched up to our waists. Wendy said, "Doesn't it feel marvellous to feel the water soaking through our clothes. Let's walk right into the sea and get completely drenched." And so we stood up with the water up to our knees and the sight of Wendy's dress clinging wetly to her thighs, soaked to above the waist so that I could see the darker shape of her wet red silk panties through the now transparent white dress and even the line of her red suspenders holding up the glistening wet nylons, was almost too much for me. Wendy gave me a terrific hug and kissed me with her lovely open mouth. Then taking my hand in hers we waded slowly into the sea, until my own trousers and shirt were clinging to me and the water had caressed Wendy's lovely breasts and reached nearly up to her chin. We then turned back towards the beach, kicking and splashing as we got in the shallow water. Wendy was now, of course, completely soaking from head to toe and her wet dress clung to every curve of her body, revealing the nipples of her twin breasts and the red of her red panties and suspenders beneath. I

stood back and looked at her for a few moments drinking in all her wet loveliness. She looked so excited. She lay down in the shallow water, pulled me down with her and we rolled over and over in each other's arms, finally having a perfect wet "love in." A little while later after we had let the warm sun dry our saturated clothes on us, Wendy said, "Oh David, that was the most thrilling and exciting time I've ever had. Please promise me you'll get me soaked and make love to me like that again." Needless to say I promised! And that was just the first of many lovely wet fun and dunking sessions we were to share together. Eventually, one of Wendy's girlfriends joined us in our watery frolics. If you or your readers would like to hear more we'll be pleased to write again.

Your wet fans,

(Mr. & Mrs.) D.M.



### Lovely Girls Next Door

Dear Search,

Please let me congratulate you on a fine magazine. My only complaint is that it isn't fortnightly. I would especially like to praise the photographs in print. The girls are so natural, very like the 'girl next door', yet very erotic.

There is nothing so sexy as a fully dressed girl exhibiting her knickers. The photos on page 20 and 60 of No. 8 Vol. 1 were terrific, little white knickers vanishing up the crack of the buttocks. Also the photo on page 31 taken looking up a skirt. Incredible!

Thanks again,

Yours sincerely,

M. A. R.

SUFFOLK.

*Yours is one of many letters we have received containing praise for the photographs in issue 8. We shall do our best to continue to show our readers the types of girls and angles they find so fascinating.*

*Editor.*

## Oppressed Niece

Dear Sir,

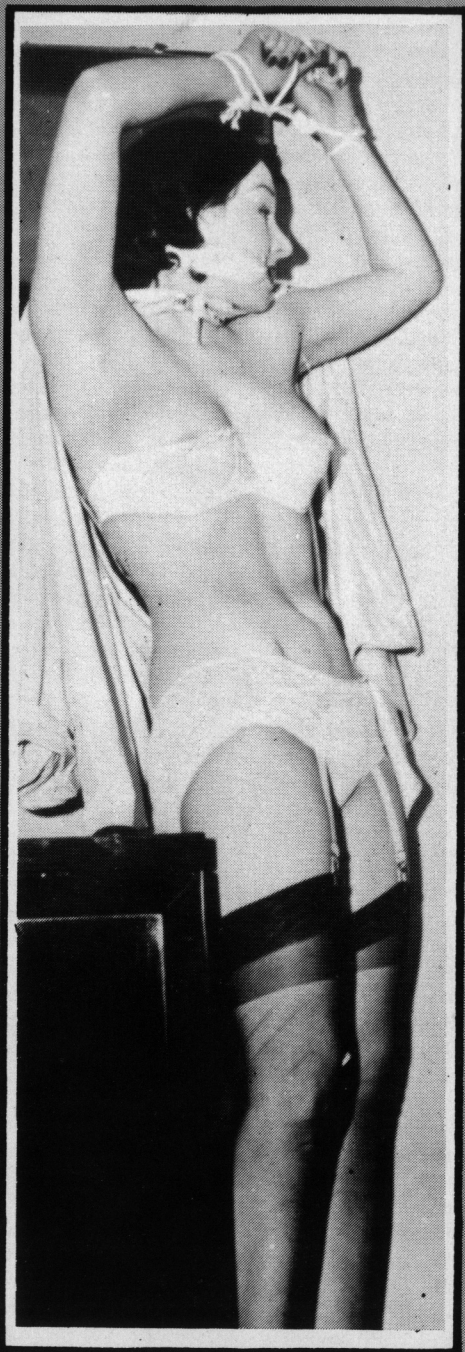
Like your correspondent in Vol. 1 No. 5, I too am a woman dominated by another woman. In my case I am 18 years of age and live with a spinster aunt who has fostered me since my parents were killed when I was 13 years old. She is very Victorian minded and I am not allowed to use makeup, hot pants or stay out later than 9.30 p.m. (an occasional 10 p.m. is allowed). Each week I have to hand her my pay packet unopened and according to how well she thinks I have behaved during the week she will give me an allowance for myself. During the week she awards me "Black marks" for failing to carry out, or for doing them in an unsatisfactory manner, tasks which are allocated to me.

Saturday is "judgment day". Each black mark is punished by two strokes of the cane and she gives me a maximum of six strokes so if I have been awarded more than six then the rest of the punishment is meted out on subsequent evenings after dinner. On a Saturday evening at 6 p.m. I have to go up to my bedroom and remove all of my clothes and sit on a chair until Aunty deems it is time for her to enter my room. She then reads out the list of "offences" and announces her "sentence".

I have to stand in the centre of the room, legs eighteen inches apart, bend down and grasp hold of my ankles. In this position the cane is applied. Should more than six be awarded then the following evening I have to report downstairs wearing only my pyjama jacket and bend over the head of the couch. Why don't I leave home and take a flat? Simply because I suppose I really secretly enjoy being dominated and would miss Aunty's discipline although when she is punishing me I hate every second of it!

Yours faithfully,

(Miss) Y.S. Liverpool





## More Marital Caning

Dear Sir,

I was very interested to read the letter of Mrs. P. J. Essex in Search No. 9 as I was pleased to know that someone else shared my desires for the cane, having thought I must be an exception.

My interest in caning goes back to my schooldays, most of the time I attended a school where there was no corporal punishment, but shortly before I left school we moved to another district and it was there that I had a caning that I have always remembered. Soon after my arrival I became aware of girls being sent from my class to the headmistress for punishment, and my curiosity was aroused when I would see a girl returning from such a visit to the headmistress, obviously smarting from the caning which she must have received. This excited me so much sexually that I found myself actually wanting to have the cane, and so strong was my desire that I deliberately caused my teacher to send me to the headmistress one afternoon for being insolent to her.

I had to wait some time for my punishment and while I was waiting my vagina became very wet as I looked at the long thin cane which seemed to be waiting for me. My excitement increased when the headmistress came in and gave me a lecture while bending the supple cane in her hands as if to impress me with its capabilities for making a girl smart. When I held my hand out the stroke she gave me made me pee in my knickers. After my hands had been caned I had to bend down and was caned on my bottom, but this was over my dress so I was spared having to show or take down my wet knickers.

The caning excited me so much that after I left school I often thought about it when masturbating. I never revealed my interest in the cane, not even when I married, but one evening about a year ago, when my husband and I were sitting quietly on the couch after watching television, he talked about his schooldays, mentioning that he had been caned several times. I prompted him to tell me about his punishments, and

so he then described his caning to me. He could see that I was sexually aroused by what he was telling me. He then asked me if I had ever been caned at school and so for the first time I told him all about it and how it had excited me.

Needless to say, my husband was thrilled to know that his wife had been sexually affected by caning, but even then it took me by surprise when he suggested that he should buy a cane so that we could cane each other. I agreed to his suggestion, secretly welcoming it so that I could renew my acquaintance with the cane. He purchased a cane, and when we went to bed that night we had our first bout of caning. At first my husband was afraid of hurting me, giving me light feathery strokes, until I told him there was no need to be too gentle. So then, for the first time since my schooldays, my bottom really smarted from the strokes he gave me. When I reciprocated I felt like a headmistress in caning his bottom. When we made love that night, our movements were far more energetic than they had been previously. We were both highly stimulated, my vagina being unusually wet and my husband being more forceful than usual with his thrusts as we caressed each other's smarting bottoms in our excitement.

Since then we have continued to use the cane, usually at week-ends, and recently we have made a list of faults, with the number of strokes against each, which we check with each other as we review our actions of the previous week and then proceed to administer the number of strokes earned. Our sexual pleasures have been considerably increased in our use of the cane, and this, together with reading other letters in Open Arena, has prompted us to use such measures as fellatio and cunnilingus, finding that such things seem to be widely practised. As to the cane, while I can readily understand that many women would not share my views, I am myself glad to know that at least some, such as Mrs. P.J., have "an irresistible urge to be spanked" as put at the head of her letter, and that I am not alone in my desires.

Yours truly, (Mrs.) M.S. Lancs.

## Opportunity to Peep

Dear Sir,

I read the letter by the "Office Voyeur" in No. 8 with much interest. I also get great excitement out of looking up girls skirts. A few years ago before tights, I used to go out on pantie spotting expeditions. On one occasion in particular I followed a young girl up the stairs on a bus and as she almost reached the top there was some sort of hold up and for a good minute I had an uninterrupted view of her underwear. Her skirt was almost knee length but underneath she wore a frilly underskirt which pushed the skirt out allowing the stocking tops and white knickers to be seen. This beautiful sight proved too much and, to my embarrassment I wet myself and a big stain appeared down the length of my trousers.

I am now married and although my wife dresses very modernly she still has a few longish flared skirts and on some occasions,



like when we are decorating the house she will put on a flared skirt, several white underskirts, stockings and usually pink knickers. My wife paints all the parts that a step ladder is needed. As can be imagined

there are many opportunities for me to peep up her skirt, and it's not long before the painting is forgotten. Thanks for an excellent magazine but could some of your girls wear underskirts as I find this garment is just as sexy as panties almost, and more photos like the one heading the "Office Voyeur" article. How about printing some pages from that gentleman's record.

Yours sincerely,

D.A. Lancs.



## Understandably Worried

Dear Editor,

How I will write this letter and try to tell you of my problem is very hard. It is only a couple of months since I first ever read your book, *SEARCH*, and to read some of the letters of people's problems has helped me to write to you. I have been living with a singer for two years. Before that I was married with two children, one five and a half, the other two and a half. Bob and I met while he was entertaining. The first look at each other; gosh, the feeling we felt when he came near was the start of us being together. I'm so madly in love with him *even now*. It was after a couple of months, I walked into the bedroom. He was masturbating. God, did it make me sick. You see before I met him to me sex was just being made love to the normal way. Bob has taught me so much. Reading your book, I know I am a good lover. I do every thing to satisfy him. I could never believe I could do what I do. We even take photos of each other while having sexual intercourse, but his masturbating has got worse and our sex life less. He is in the toilet hours. I have seen him through the window working on himself in the nude and when he has a bath. In bed I see him when I pass the door. He loves to read really filthy books while he does these things. It has made me a bag of nerves. I want him so much, but he wears himself out before I get to him. When I do which is mostly afternoons, it is so very wonderful. He is so very good and gentle.



He knows that I know about him. We have terrible rows. He hits me, but we soon make up.

He likes queers and is very friendly with one, where he works, but he is a nice person; the first homosexual I have ever met. Bob knows when I get upset when a couple of days go by without sex. When he is not with me I go mad crying. I don't know what to do with myself. He will come in after he has finished playing. I think he will make love to me now. I kiss him and get him worked up. He tells me to get into bed while he goes to the toilet. Then I could die. I know what he is going to do. I can't help but go to the window to see if he is. Please, why should he do this when I love him and we can make love together so very well?

It has got to the stage where I know we can't go on but he loves me so very much. I have seen his face when he has thought I was going to leave. He needs me, I know. But I can't go on like this any longer. Please, could you give me some advice. Why he does these things. Is there something wrong with him to get more enjoyment out of a book and playing with himself, than me live, warm and full of so much love for him.

This letter must seem very mixed up to you and badly written but writing this letter was not easy and I am so unhappy. I am 23; my husband 32. If you publish this letter in your book, he always reads them, perhaps it will help.

Yours faithfully,

Ginny. Kent.

*I certainly hope reading your letter in print will bring home to your husband how worried and frustrated you feel. If it is any comfort to you you are by no means alone in suffering from this over indulgence in self gratification in your partner. I am sure, if they could be as honest about their worry as you are many wives would be writing in similar vein. You must try to understand there is no magic formula that will solve this problem. Masturbation has, since man first discovered his private parts could give him pleasure without the aid of*

*the opposite sex, been the easiest method of releasing pent-up emotions and cooling hot blood when actual intercourse is not available. It is not necessarily a reflection of the sexuality of his partner if a man who previously derived much satisfaction from masturbation finds the real thing disappointing. Certainly in your case you appear to have been willing to co-operate and he is a fortunate young man to have a wife so understanding. You seek help and I feel the only advice I am qualified to give you is to continue to be sympathetic to his problem, for it is a problem to him as well, I am sure of that. The fact you love him so much will make it easier for you to have the patience which will be needed. Your task is to gradually make him realise that your live, warm body is better, much better than any brief moment of pleasure he can obtain by himself. A habitual masturbator must more and more rely on mental fantasies and this may be your chance. Try if you can to find out what particular facet of sex, or imagined sex, turns him on and tempts him to masturbate. Unless the fantasy is too way-out or unrealistic endeavour to fantasise with him. For example if you believe reading about spanking excites him try and bring light-hearted chastisement into your pre-love-making petting. If a certain article of feminine clothing, such as panties or girdles excite him do not be shy. Let him have your intimate garments to fondle and be determined to break through the inhibitions that may have been keeping your husband from getting the intense satisfaction from you he desperately craves. He will not change overnight, masturbation can addict one just as a drug will and the weaning away from it must be slow. Your love is being put to the test. In conclusion I can only add I am sure the eventual end to these means will be sufficiently rewarding for you both. Do not give up or lose heart if you make little progress at first. Remember patience is indeed a virtue and love will find a way.*

Editor.

## Lesbian Tenderness

Dear Editor,

For several months now I have been a keen reader of your excellent magazine. The first time was when my former boyfriend gave me his copy and we used to talk about the various subjects contained in it. From this you will see that I am not a silly teenage girl with no knowledge of sex. But recently I seem to have turned about face in my life. My work is in a small but high class gown shop and it is the type of



job that appeals to me. The only other staff is the woman who owns the business, and we get on well together. We are usually busy, but last week we had our end of season sale which meant that the two of us were rushed off our feet. Early closing day

is Saturday and by then I was dog tired. Janet lives over the shop and invited me up to lunch when we had closed for the day. Afterwards as we sat on the settee having coffee I almost fell asleep. When Janet noticed this she suggested that I went and had a lay down on the bed. She led me to her bedroom, undressed me, put me into one of her nighties and helped me into bed. In no time I was fast asleep; it was nearly eight o'clock when I woke. It was Janet getting a meal ready that had roused me. When she heard me about she told me that I was to stay over the weekend. While I was asleep she had been to my digs and told them that I was staying with her. Also that I was to remain dressed in her nightie. It was at this stage that I realised that Janet was very interested in me. Up until now my feelings towards her had been quite normal and although surprised I was excited at this. When the meal was over we sat together on the settee with me laying across her. For a while we remained there as she fondled my breasts and thighs. I was enjoying this more than anything my boyfriend had tried and this is what I find strange as I had never felt drawn to Janet or any girl before.

After removing my nightie, I was laid on the rug in the sitting room while Janet undressed. This was the first time that she had, and the sight of her nude body is something I will always remember. We lay beside each other and she told me that she had wanted me ever since we had been working together, but as I had a boyfriend she was not very hopeful.

Now that I was not seeing him anymore she asked me to be hers. What followed I had never experienced before; she kissed me all over, rubbed my body with oils, put lipstick on my nipples. During the night and into the early hours of Sunday we loved each other. She helped me over my inexperience with great tenderness, and I was able to bring her to a climax by performing cunnilingus many times. Eventually we both felt exhausted by our loving and fell asleep in each other's arms; two lovers very tired, very wet and much in love. I have agreed to go and live with



Janet as I believe we will be good for each other and will be happy.

Yours faithfully,

(Miss) J.B. Kent.

P.S. Many readers may not look at this in the same light as I do: Some may even think I have acted foolishly?

*I certainly do not think you have acted foolishly Miss J. B. If you and your friend get on so well together there is no reason why you should not share a flat and so halve the expenses. I would stress that the danger of heartache is likely to rear its unhappy head if one of you meet a young man with whom greater pleasure is experienced. It would, I believe, be foolish for either of you to become too possessive, but I realise under the circumstances of such intimacy, it will be difficult to prevent your friendship from becoming all-enveloping. Both of you must realise this 'romance' feeling may not last. Unhappiness may result for one or both of you if you do not keep the possibility of an eventual break-up at the back of your mind.*

Editor.

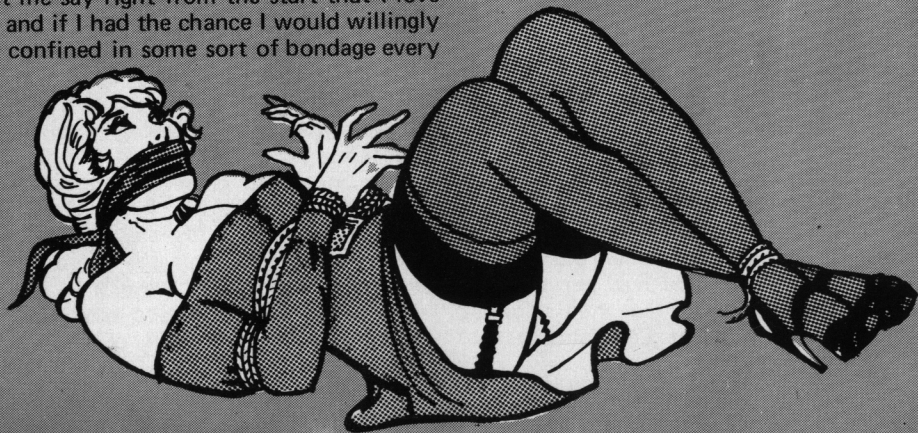
### The Female Opinion of Bondage

Dear Sir,

My husband has written to you on two occasions, and you have been good enough to publish his letters. And I note that the majority of bondage letters are from men. So, just for a change, here is the female angle!

Let me say right from the start that I love it, and if I had the chance I would willingly be confined in some sort of bondage every

day. It has brought a new kind of thrill back to my life, not replacing but rejuvenating the old thrill of honeymoon days, which — let's face it — do not last for ever. My husband and I worked out the other day that, from the aids we have got and allowing for variations, there would be no need to repeat ourselves for 14 consecutive sessions! But I think that, if I had to state a favourite, it would be for the simplest of all — just handcuffs and leg chains. I will quite contentedly be secured to the bed, or a chair, to the beam in the outhouse; I will wear the mask. The all-in-one restraining suit, or the human-pony harness; or be secured in the pillory and stocks; but in all these cases one has to be at least partly freed, if not entirely, for the mere necessities of nature — both taking and giving out! But, as I think my husband pointed out, with my wrists handcuffed behind my back, a chain and padlocks on my ankles, and a connecting chain joining the two, I am not by any means exactly uncomfortable. I still have movement in all my limbs, — limited, agreed — and I cannot possibly free myself, but I have learnt to open and close doors, pick up or move things, even do a little dusting (!), and above all attend to the wants of nature. And yet, I stress, I am helpless. And so the thrill is constantly present, and dressed as I always am on these occasions in just my black undies, black nylons, and 4½" heeled shoes, I am conscious of the total effect not only on my husband but on me. He said in his last letter to you that "he saw no reason why there should be any limit as



regards to time," and one of these days — when we can arrange things — I have resolved to try wearing my chains for a whole month. I really can see only one possible drawback, and that is boredom! So in my sessions now, I keep trying to do extra things, like turning the T.V. on and off, reading books and magazines by turning the pages with my lips, and so on. We've even talked of having a neutral referee by asking you to keep all the keys, and sending them back to us at the end of the month!!

I reiterate what has been said before, — congratulations on your magazine, (at last we bondage fans are really being catered for), thank you for the real photos, may you get lots more letters and articles, you're "bound to please" lots and lots of people!

R.W. (Devon)

("E.W.'s wife)

*It was a pleasure to have the previous letters from your husband Mrs R.W. and even more enthralling to have your own personnal views on Bondage. I have high hopes your frankness will encourage other wives who participate in bondage-games to write to the Open Arena.*

*Editor.*

### **Chastisement Arousal**

Dear Sir,

I discovered your excellent magazine only today. I was most intrigued by that article about the young soldier who was caned and how he discovered that chastisement caused erections. Some years ago I was an assistant Headmaster at a boy's preparatory school where, owing to a broken arm the Headmaster was unable to whip the naughty boys. It became my job. Never was sadism introduced. A rigid system however was adopted and at the end of each fortnight the three boys at the bottom of each of the four classes was caned unless their position was due to illness or absence.

The second and last Friday in every month was chosen for chastisement and a list was

posted for all to see. The notice merely stated 'the following boys will report to Mr. G. at six o'clock for a whipping'.

Then the twelve boys had to retire to their dormitories, strip to pants only and wearing bedroom slippers and dressing gown, they trooped to my study where there was a high stool, rather like those in cocktail bars. The youngest boy was called in first and the other eleven would stand outside awaiting their turn. They could hear the six strokes of the cane descending on the bare bottoms of their friends. This made things even worse for them.

The boy would enter and be scolded by me and then bidden to take off his dressing gown and remove his brief pants. He was thus stark naked and naturally somewhat humiliated. Then he would place himself across the stool affording me a perfect, exposed target. The strokes were evenly placed and never too severe.

To revert to the young soldier who was whipped, I noticed many a time that several of the pupils would stand up after caning with stiff erections which naturally they were unable to cover up. Now and then I would see a boy grow an erection even before I had completed my preparations for the whipping. This bears out your article fully. I do not claim that any of the boys were masturbators although I am pretty certain many of them were, but the actual caning does effect the nervous zone to some extent. Although not homosexual, I must admit privately that the sight of boys in this state had also a similar effect on me very often but I managed to avoid letting them notice my arousal. I tape-recorded a whipping session one day and played it over to a girlfriend later. I was astounded at her interest and later, during a deep petting session I discovered her vagina soaking wet. She admitted that the subject interested her and that she would like to experiment. Being a gentleman I agreed and at my flat I had the pleasure of whipping her immaculate pink bottom just like the boys! The result was incredible. I am retired now from school mastering, but it had its' moments!

W.L.M. South London.







# RE-SEARCH

Another highly personal interview which reveals the hidden motives that lie beneath Eve's actions. Rarely is she as simple, or as straightforward as you might imagine. We suggest you also read between the lines.





*INTERVIEWEE: Mrs L. W. from Leeds. Attractive woman in her mid twenties, married for three years to car salesman, no children. Wrote to Search magazine stating readiness to take part in Research interview due to the unhappiness and uncertainty of her marriage at this particular time.*

SEARCH. I am sorry Mrs W. your visit to us for this interview is as a result of your present unhappiness. Do you feel that explaining your marital trouble to a person well away from your own circle of friends may help to solve your problem?

I cannot truthfully say what prompted me to write that letter. Even when I had your reply offering me this invitation I was still more than half inclined to call off this meeting. Now I am here I have got over my nervousness and will try and explain how my marriage started to go on the rocks after a couple of years of happiness. After reading so many letters from your readers in the Open Arena pages I feel that maybe many more young wives had come up against similar problems when they have fallen to temptation in the way I did.

SEARCH. You were unfaithful although you were perfectly happy with your husband?

Yes, I suppose you could say I was unfaithful, but it was not adultery in the normal sense. You see it was with another girl that I began to find my pleasures.

SEARCH. You found you were attracted by another woman, a lesbian awakening in your body? Did you have any inkling before you married that you might be tempted to form intimate friendships with those of your own sex?

To be honest I did have a brief affair with a girl when I was at college. The girl was several years older than me and she was a particularly brainy girl. I found my studies hard to persevere with and being anxious to get a well paid job when I left college I welcomed the help my clever friend was willing to give me. Most of the girls at the college went out with boys in the evening instead of studying. It was a college of advanced studies so we were in our late

teens and allowed out late if we obtained a pass. My friend and I seldom wanted to stay out and it gradually came about that I would be spending most of my free hours in her bedroom. At first we did study and she helped me a lot, then as is usual with us girls the conversation dwelt on boys. My friend had few boy friends and the last romance she had called off when the boy tried to be too fresh with her. I was curious to know what he had done to make my friend so angry with him. She not only told me what he had done but also demonstrated with me playing the part of the girl and she the boy. She touched and fondled my breasts (I was a well built girl even in those days) and seemed surprised when I told her I did not find this objectionable. I told her she had been silly to break off what might be a happy friendship with the boy if she liked him just because he was fresh in this way. I began to fondle her breasts whilst we sat close together on the bed edge and I must say she showed not the slightest resentment. I remarked about this, wondering why she seemed to enjoy me touching her breasts and yet had hated the boy doing it. "You are so much more gentle" she told me "he was rough and hurt me. You make me feel good" I was hardly surprised when she suggested we should take off our bra's and with our blouses unbuttoned we gave each other fuller access to our youthful globes. It was an easy step to extend our mutual breastal petting to kissing. We kissed each other's nipples and the evening ended with a fearfully close embrace and an ardent fusing of our mouths in a passionate kiss.

SEARCH. That was your first lesbian experience?

Yes, my very first, but after that initial encounter I was anxious to visit my friend's room as often as possible, and it was not to get her to help me with my studies but to engage me in more enthralling kissing and touching. Our kissing became deeper with the use of our tongues making us both breathless with aroused excitement. Not only did we take



off our bra's on subsequent cuddlings but eventually stripped down to our tights and panties and finally even these were discarded so that we could run our hands all over the other's body whilst we kissed. Naturally we had both experimented with masturbation in the privacy of our beds and now we discovered how much more enjoyable it was to have another girl arouse one.

**SEARCH.** Were you both content to seek gratification with fingers or did you fall like so many girls would have done under similar circumstances, to the temptation to experiment further and use foreign objects as an aid to masturbatory pleasures?

I can tell you have a very good idea how our minds work and I suppose it was only natural that

being intelligent girls we were not only anxious to learn what we were being taught academically at the college but also to expand our knowledge in the art of carnal excitation. Yes, we did start to use an object to give each other what we then thought were forbidden delights. We used a plastic test-tube that was easily obtained from the lab.

**SEARCH.** You used this tube as an



imitation penis I presume. Was it with this that you gave up your virginity?

I cannot say for sure. I cannot honestly remember any pain when the tube was used on me and as for it breaking my hymen, well, I simply cannot be sure. I suppose it did. I particularly liked it when my friend filled the tube first with warm water, corked it and used it as a dildo on me, and then quickly emptied it and









refilled it with cold water. Of course at the time we did not know that an object used as an imitation of the male sex organ was called a dildo and the only thing that concerned us was the wonderfully thrilling spasms it gave us. My last year at college was the most miserable one of my life. My friend, being older, had left and I did not have the nerve or the opportunity of forming another friendship as close as this one. I met the man destined to be my husband as soon as I left college. I may have still been suffering from that final year's misery, I don't know, but I accepted the proposal of marriage and at first we were very happy. It was not until we moved into our new house that the temptation for my latent lesbian desire again reared. Our neighbours were a couple some years older than we, but the wife was a very attractive woman in a matronly scrt

of way. With our husbands going off for golfing week-ends once their friendship had been formed, we wives were, so to speak, thrown together. I quickly discovered that my mature neighbour had designs on me. I knew I should not allow our friendship to develop into intimacy now that I was a married woman. At college I had been fancy free, now it was different, I had my husband to consider. I did resist her advances at first, but when she kissed me in a far more advanced technique fashion than even my husband had done I was falling under her spell until I began to realise that I had not been so happy and contented with my husband as I had been with my college girl friend, and now I was being given the opportunity of having more pleasure with one of my own sex. I was soon to learn this woman was an experienced lesbian, adept at the art of



seduction of girls, even if she was a married woman, and I am ashamed to say I did not resist when I was invited to her bedroom and then given the more intimate invitation to undress with her. She was setting the example, taking off each article of clothing slowly in the manner of a strip-tease performer and it surprised me to find the tantalising way her lovely body was being revealed to me was making me feel sexy. I remember at the college I had seen many girls nude and a lot of them looked a damned sight less attractive naked than when clothed in good fitting dresses or slacks. Not so my married friend. She looked terrific when she was stripped down to her nylons and suspender-belt, for she did not wear tights on this occasion. I saw she was shaved. This surprised me for she had a profuse head of rich dark hair and I would have imagined her pube-bush would have been as thick and luxuriant. Hardly a single stray hair adorned her private parts and devoid of hairy protection her sex was the most desire-provoking vision I had ever imagined. I remembered what I used to do with my college friend. I wanted to do the

same to this mature woman—to kiss her—everywhere, yes absolutely everywhere. And her breasts tempted my hands, I wanted to weigh them in my palms and find out for myself if the large globes were as heavy as they appeared. She was delighted at the response in me for at the time I had not told her about my previous lesbian activity at college. Quickly she found a mutual physical wave-length upon which to operate...kissing, feeling and finally avid and greedy cunnilingus was mutually performed. I knew then that I could never be so happy in the sexual sense with my husband, or any man for that matter, but I dreaded him ever finding out about this association with our neighbour's wife.

SEARCH. But according to your letter your husband DID find out, and this is what led up to your present unhappiness and uncertainty. I understand your husband is contemplating divorce as a result of his finding out about this affair with another woman. How did this come about?

I blame it all on the wretched English



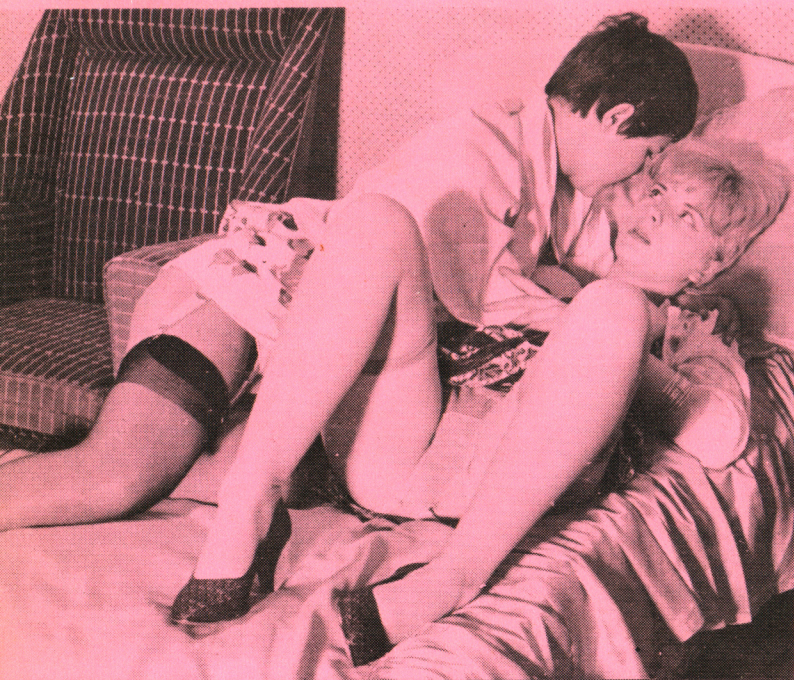




## WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY

weather. It was one Saturday when the husbands had gone off to the golf course that the debacle occurred. We expected to be alone in the house for at least several hours and in our wonderful embracing activities on the bed we had not noticed the sun had disappeared and it was raining very hard. We did not hear our husband's arrive back at the house and the first I knew about it was when I heard my husband swearing at me from the bedroom door and I knew I had been caught absolutely out. That day my friend and I





hoped if my husband saw my escapade set out in print he would realise what I had done was not so terrible after all. I loved him when I married him and I still love him. A few brief thrills with another woman cannot change that surely? If I had gone with a man he would have grounds to be angry and bitter, but I enjoy sex with him and do not want to sample it from another man at all. I have told him I will be willing to move and get away from the influence of

had stripped right down, she had not kept her hose and belt on and I, as usual, was starkers. I learnt later from my friend's husband who had been behind my husband in the open doorway, that it had not been the shock at seeing two women naked rolling and writhing in passion that upset my own husband so much as the realisation I was being given far more pleasure by this woman than he ever gave me and this was clearly evident from my contortions of body and face as well as the cries of animalistic ecstasy that he heard. It was a shock to his manly pride to find a woman, much older than he was, able to provide me with this sort of pleasure.

SEARCH. And in what way did you think taking part in a Research interview might help solve your problem Mrs W?

My husband has been a reader for many months and before he caught me out in my lesbian romance we used to go through the readers' letters and the Research interviews with great interest and often amusement. I

the woman next door, but I am not at all confident I will be able to resist falling again if an attractive woman tempts me. Surely my husband, if he will read this interview through slowly, will understand that we can still make a happy life together and when I am tempted he must allow me this freedom in the knowledge that I will never be unfaithful to him with a man, only with one of my own sex I find physically desirable. Do you think I have been wise to take part in this Research interview, or foolish?

SEARCH. I am sure you have not been foolish. You may very well have played a master card by doing so. Your husband can read, and re-read time and again your brief confession, and if he is the wise young man I believe him to be I think he will forgive you and forget the divorce. I am sure he still loves you Mrs W. and once he gets over the initial shock of 'finding you out' let us hope he will resume your previously happy marriage. I most sincerely wish this upon you both, and thank you for taking us into your confidence.





The second feature in our '*Riding Cult*' series is from a young married woman who discovered to her delight there was far more to the equestrian art than met the eye.....

*'Riding to Pleasure'* features this charming young rider.

Next month.





# FETISHES FACTS FADS & FANCIES FETISHES FACTS FADS & FANCIES

## Rings of Male Chastity

Dear Editor,

My girl friend used to read another similar type of magazine but now we are both avid readers of SEARCH, it is much better. Not long ago we read in the papers about the new interest in Chastity belts and I thought it a good laugh. But not for long. My girl friend told me that now we are engaged she wanted to make sure I remained faithful to her and she had dreamed up her own way of a chastity belt for me. It was not a belt at all really but consisted of small rings. My girl knew how randy I get when I see girls with their tits joggling about inside their tight blouses and their bottoms waddling under hot-pants or tight mini-skirts. My girl said she knew a way to stifle my desire for them.

I thought she was joking but when she threatened to call off the engagement unless I agreed to let her do what she planned I knew she was very serious in her intentions and as usual she got her own way in the end. She massaged my penis with a cream that make it sting a bit and then go cold with the result the shaft became very small, then from her handbag she produced three small rings. I guessed what she wanted to do and I pleaded with her again to be reasonable but I might as well have saved my breath. She was stretching out my now

shrivelled penis as far as she could and sliding the first ring down on to it. It was a tight fit but she managed to get it right down to the very base. The second ring was slipped down my aching stem. This one took her a long time to get into position and hurt me a great deal. She laughed at my protests and started to get the third and final 'chastity-ring' on my penis. This one was very small and I was sure she would not be able to get it on but she kept trying until she was at last successful. She pinched, she pulled, she manipulated and she coaxed and she was not satisfied until this last ring was tightly secured round my penis just below the ridge.

I dare not look too long at any girl I fancy for to get any sort of erection is hell for me and my girl has told me if I take off the rings before I have her permission the marriage will be off. I think this is a cruel way of a girl showing her domination. What I would like to know is if there are any more readers being made to wear such rings and what do your female readers think about them?

After all its the girls who tease and taunt us boys and they are responsible for making us horny. I dare not get horny now. I hope my girl will consent to the removal of the rings soon.

Yours faithfully,

B.A.F. Lancs.



*Your fiancé certainly has a cruel sadistic streak B.A.F. and I should consider very carefully if she is really the type for you. Once you are married and more under her control her dominating tactics might take an even more sadistic turn and then you could really be made to suffer. The rings you mention can be a serious hazard for you. If the penis is prevented from natural swelling by too tight restrictions broken blood vessels can result with very painful and unfortunate after effects for you. So make sure they are not too tight and restrictive. Its all very well to try and keep you from fancying other girls but your girl may be mortgaging your future marital bliss if she persists in this particularly dangerous male chastity fetish.*

Editor.



## Rubber Ferment

Dear Sir,

Thank you for publishing my previous letter. I am pleased to see other letters from rubber lovers in the same issue.

A few months ago I met a woman who I felt immediately was a dominator. Tall, beautiful, but arrogant. Very full auburn hair. We had a few drinks and I got a little drunk. I have only told two or three girls about my rubber-love but under the influence I told her. The long and the short of it was that she invited me to her house the next day, for as she put it, 'a few surprises'.

I went the next evening. She opened the door wearing a shiny black rubber mackintosh and high heeled black boots. This, I thought, was very promising. She rustled the way through the house. I followed - weak-kneed. Upstairs to the bedroom. At least there was a bed in the room. On the bed were rubber mackintoshes, rubber underwear, rubber dresses and many other articles of clothing, all rubber.

There were whips, canes, chains and I

don't know what else. Without ceremony she told me to undress, which I did. She then dressed me in some of the clothing. Knickers, bra, stockings, a pretty rubber dress, apron and all the fitments of a maid!

She made up my face with lipstick, mascara, foundation, a wig and finally gave me a pair of high heeled boots which I managed to put on with difficulty.

My 'mistress' took off her mackintosh. She was wearing a wasp-waister-corset and a rubber bra. She put on a black rubber dress and a scarlet rubber-lined mackintosh. As you might imagine I was dizzy by then.

When we were both dressed she ordered me to kiss her feet, lick her boots, kiss her bottom and anything else that occurred to her. This went on for about an hour. Eventually she tired of giving me orders. She told me to lay on the bed. She tied my wrists and ankles and secured them firmly. I was helpless. Then she crouched over me and rubbed her rubber knickered bottom on my face. Then off came her knickers. Again she crouched over me and the folds of her rubber dress fell round me so that I had the perfume of her sex and rubber which almost sent me out of my mind. She lowered herself further and I performed alternate analinctus and cunnilingus on her. She writhed and loved it. When she eventually came she urinated and her warm urine was in my mouth, my hair and everywhere. Finally she masturbated me saying that I was only a common slave and it was beneath her to fellate me.

That was the first of many visits and I ache for the next one. I promise you this was not a fantasy.

I am looking forward to the next issue of wonderful Search which I see will contain an article about rubber wear.

Yours truly,  
L. S. M.

## Mildly Kinky

Dear SEARCH Editor

I recently read a copy of your magazine at the house of a friend and we were

discussing some of the subjects in it, and the letters from your correspondents. The letter from T.C.M. of Tunbridge interested me somewhat for after we had been married for some months, my husband suggested that I take his penis in my mouth and I flatly refused to do so. Over a period of time he kept trying to persuade me and I kept refusing. This led to some quite violent quarrels and one day during one such quarrel, my husband lost his temper and to my horror, he undid his belt and told me I could either, in his words 'have him' in my mouth or my ass leathered.

At first I was scared — yet somehow thrilled. As a girl I had been very strictly brought up and had had many a hiding with my Dad's belt, even in my late teens, and I knew only too well what a strapping on the bare bottom feels like.

Half wanting it, yet half afraid, I again refused to suck my husband. The next moment I was across the arm of the settee, my dress up and my knickers down and he was waloping my bottom and my legs above the tops of my nylons, quite hard. Despite the pain I felt a tremendous thrill at being really and truly dominated and when he stopped beating me I turned round, knelt in front of him, unzipped his trousers and took his penis out and eagerly did what he wanted.

Immediately after we retired to bed where we made love in a normal way throughout the afternoon.

This was 15 years ago. Since then I have had many a leathering and many a 'mouthfull', and I am as thrilled and excited now at 35 as I was at 20. Maybe we are 'kinky' but I love it.

Yours very sincerely,

Mrs. M.D. Devon

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### Proud Transvestite

Dear Editor,

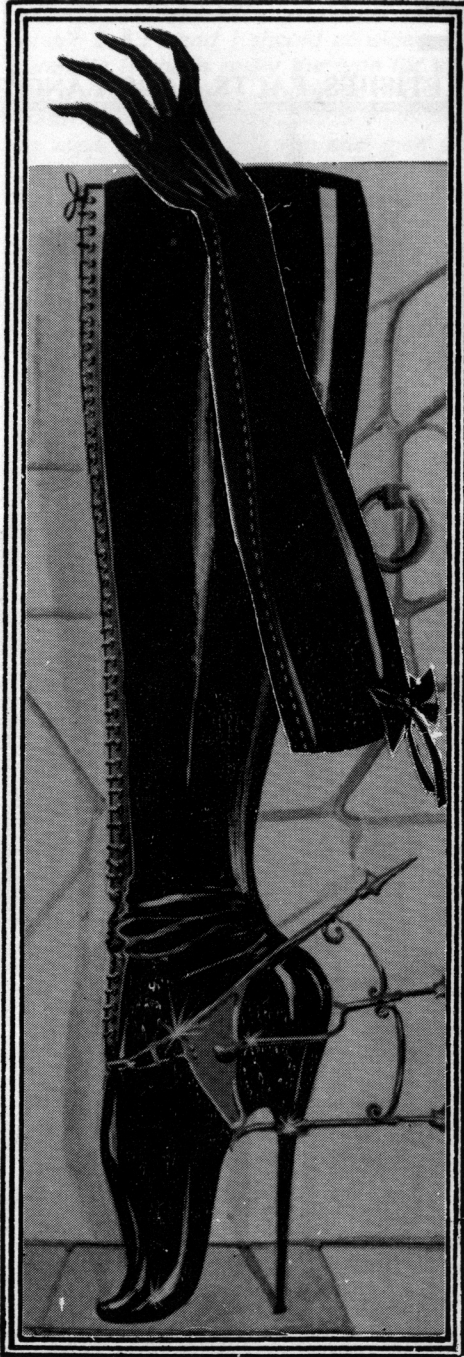
I am writing to tell you that I think that B.D., of Bedford is taking quite a risk by going out wearing only lace panties along a country lane or that he is not a pure

# F

## ETISHES, FACTS, FADS, FANCIES







transvestite but he is a homosexual. If I were good enough in the transformation with make-up and clothes, I would walk the lane, but only fully dressed in feminine things but only to say that I looked truly female in the clothes that I would wear as I am a transvestite and I am proud of it.

Yours,

R.O.W., Kent.

### Enema Fetish

Dear Sir,

My wife has recently had a minor operation, just prior to the operation she was given an enema. Now she is well and home again it appears she thoroughly enjoyed having the enema administered, for she likes to describe this in great detail to me before we make love.

The trouble is that before sex it also gives me an odd sadistic thrill, but after sex the thought of a man doing this to my own wife revolts me.

You see she tells me the doctor laid her on her left side, opened her buttocks and inserted a rubber nozzle six inches into her anus he then began to pump a bulb which immediately made her want to use the toilet, due to water pressure in the rectum, but as he kept pumping her water suddenly shot up into her intestines. This she said, made her feel relaxed until he had pumped so much fluid into my wife her tummy felt heavy and she just had to evacuate. He then withdrew the apparatus and with a smirk on his face informed her the toilet was 50 yards away.

I would be interesting to know if other readers of Search have had similar experiences. If so I would like to know their feelings as I feel my outlook on this is not normal.

Yours

S. B. H. LONDON

Many more interesting letters of an unusual nature from our readers will be published next month.



# YOU PAY I'LL PLAY

The following article written by SEARCH staff writer and researcher Edwina Withers, was the outcome of interviews with a lady who is now resident in London, and who must of course remain anonymous. We believe however, that the unique circumstances by which the phenomena of fetishism can be observed, throws interesting and educative light into a region of human psychology that is much misunderstood and in need of further investigation and exploration.



# YOU PAY I'LL PLAY

“Apparently it was hair that provided him with his greatest sexual satisfaction, and contact with female hair was for him the ultimate sexual experience that he could undergo.”

It was during the period between the two World Wars that I worked in a brothel in Paris. I was about seventeen when I first went to work there as one of the girls, and during that time I came to learn that there are few aspects of human psychology which do not sooner or later cross one's path. Every brothel in those days understood the various quirks and idiosyncracies of its clientele, and I in fact later learnt that I had been recruited in a very subtle way, not particularly for my looks (which were above average even if I might say so myself), but because as a result of a childhood illness I had been left with a slight impediment in my walk. Having had this condition for so long (it is still with me incidently), I had learnt to accept it and live with it, but the friend who introduced me to the madame of the house explained that such a condition would certainly help rather than hinder my work there. The madame in those days used to be like a mother, sister and aunt all rolled into one, and there was a certain kindly wisdom about human nature in the house that seems rare nowadays even though in those days we had little concept of psychology like they have now. We were



simply taught that one had to accept human nature as it came, and never in all the years I was there did I ever hear the word "perversion" applied to anyone's predilection. We simply took clients as they came—within reason of course! However, the madame was perfectly frank with me that she was looking for a girl like myself who would not object to working with our "specialities" as we called them. She was candid in stating that my limp would be a valuable asset to the establishment, and even encouraged me to exaggerate it whenever I was seen by the clients. At the time I found this difficult to understand and believe, but time soon showed me that she knew what she was talking about. It took me about three months to get into the life there, and you know in some ways it wasn't such a bad life as people who know nothing about such things try to present it. One had plenty of good friends, and nice clothes, and above all, money and food, and in those days this was not easy to come by. I remember my first client was a senior army officer who had a hair fetish. My hair was extremely long in those days when I started, and I had asked Madam if I might have it trimmed into a more modern style. She agreed, but jokingly explained that if I was determined to lose it then we might as well make some money out of it. So, at the appointed hour, it was arranged for me to receive this army officer. I was to receive him wearing underwear and a negligee, and it was agreed that my hair would be at his disposal. When he arrived I was a little apprehensive, but I need not have worried for he was a timorous little man and in truth I felt a little sorry for him. He was obviously the type who had been forced to pursue a military career against his own wishes. When he arrived he asked if he might "drill" me, and this involved my limping around the room and obeying his commands. It was all rather fun in a way. He'd order me to quick march, about turn, mark time, and all the rest of it, and I of course did it in the clumsiest way I could.

At a certain point I would have to "rebel". Having spent about twenty minutes meekly obeying his commands, it was then my turn to give the orders, and I had to transform myself into a rebel and a bully. I turned around and seizing a horse-crop from the dresser I thrashed him across his thighs, and ordered him to kneel before me. I then proceeded to humiliate and bully him and made him undress and stand in the corner wearing only his underpants. I then had to tell him that as he was so persistently wicked and impudent to me I would have to put his hands in handcuffs to stop him from touching his genitals. This done, I then proceeded to bully him further. Then, taking up my position at my dressing table I ordered him to bring my dolls over to me one by one which I then arranged before my mirror. Every imagined carelessness in the handling of these was pounced upon by me, and I made frequent use of the riding crop during this play. I then said that I wanted to take a short nap, but before this I would require to have my hair brushed. I explained to my prisoner that I would undo the manacles which were about his wrists the better for him to perform this service to me, but if he took the slightest advantage of this freedom in any way other than to obey and carry out my every command and wish, then he would be punished even more severely than ever before. By this time I had caught the spirit of the whole thing, and I could see that, although it was deadly serious in intent and function, it was after all a game of sorts that we were playing, and in enacting out his fantasies he was achieving an undoubted sexual satisfaction. Apparently it was hair that provided him with his greatest sexual satisfaction, and contact with female hair was for him the ultimate sexual experience that he could undergo. With this in mind I ordered him to proceed to brush my hair. After about ten minutes it was quite apparent that he was in a state of sexual arousal, and this too was incorporated into our "game". I suddenly ordered him to stop instantly. He



stood holding the brush in his hands with a look of fearful expectancy on his face. I demanded that he move three paces backwards that I might examine him. As I thought, I said, you dare to let your sexual parts become aroused whilst they are near me! I would have to punish him even more if he allowed this state of affairs to continue! I made him kneel on the floor, and I told him that my servants were never allowed to abuse their sexual parts in any way at all, and that a devoted servant would never allow sexual thoughts to enter his head whilst in the presence of his mistress. I gave him a few strokes with the riding crop, and then ordered him up on his feet. In order that such an impudent outrage would not happen a second time, I would insist that he remove all of his clothes in order that I might watch and observe if any sexual arousal occurred when he proceeded to brush my hair for me.

This continued for some time, and if I saw the slightest hint of an erection in his penis I would deftly use my riding crop to bring him to heel. We continued thus for some time, and then we were getting ready for the climax of the whole session. Feigning a headache, listlessness and boredom, I stated that I was about to take my nap, and whilst I was asleep he would have to continue to brush my hair as I found it comforting and soothing. I warned him however that if at any time I awoke and found that he was in a state of sexual arousal or if his hands were interfering with his genitals in any way at all, then my wrath would be terrible, and punishment swift and merciless! I then lay on my bed and he began to brush my hair. By my bed on the small cabinet which stood there were a large pair of silver scissors which Madame had arranged to be left there for this client. I then pretended to fall asleep, but occasionally would awake a little and order him to stand back that I might observe the state of his sexual parts to see if they were in any way aroused. I also stated that he was in no way to touch the

scissors on the cabinet. After some time we pretended that I really was asleep, and ever so quietly he took the scissors from the cabinet, and creeping up onto the bed beside me gingerly took a small length of my hair between his fingers and snipped it off. At this I stirred drowsily a little, and he sprang back to his former position. Then he again returned and took some more of my hair and cut that off too. Gradually, and over a period of about half an hour he proceeded to cut off the majority of my hair with these scissors, and he carefully laid it out on the top of the cabinet beside my bed. I of course had to feign that I was sleeping, and inside I was fearful that I'd look a fright when he had finished his task, but I need not have done. He certainly took an awful lot of my hair off, but not so much that it couldn't later be styled into the fashion that I then wanted. You see, it was the actual process of cutting off my hair that gave him the deepest possible orgasm, and through this special arrangement with Madame I think he achieved on that occasion the deepest and most perfect fulfilment of his innermost desires and wishes. Certainly by the time he had completed his task, and at which juncture it was arranged that I should awaken, it was evident that he had achieved his complete and full orgasm. And because I had merely wanted to have my hair bobbed anyway, we had been able to satisfy his deepest desires and at the same time earn an awful lot of money for the house. Madame had charged him a small fortune for the service, and he gave me one of the most generous tips I ever received in my career. Subsequently he would visit us and I would play the outraged mistress whose insolent and wretched servant had dared to ravish her hair whilst she slept, and for this outrage we enacted out a series of punishment sessions that carried on over many years.

When one works in a brothel one is somehow tolerant of even the most bizarre fantasies because one soon learns that this

is all they are—just fantasies. And, in some cases I think a sympathetic working out of these more bizarre fantasies has a definite therapeutic effect. One such client I remember had a pronounced fetish for the clothing of young girls. It was not, let it be clearly understood, a case of a man being attracted to girls as sexual objects (although that was probably a subconscious element in some cases), but it was the enacting out of the man-girl situation. I am convinced that such a service to a client of this disposition prevents them from actually making advances to a real schoolgirl. For this particular client I remember I would have to ensure that all my pubic hair was removed before our sessions, and I would wear my hair in a simple girlish style with ribbons and bows, and not a scrap of make up about my face of course. Being small was an asset, and as Madame was rapidly becoming to regard me as the house "speciality" girl (I always was her favourite I must admit), she had a complete school girl's outfit made for me. It consisted of long black woollen stockings (which many young girls wore in those days), coarse dark woollen vest and knickers; shoes of the type that were worn at state schools, and a sort of tunic like the gym-slips you have in this

country. I also had a straw hat and a satchel. When this client came I would be ready for him in my outfit.

We would pretend that I was looking in a shop window (the mirror of my wardrobe served for this purpose), and he would come up to me and give me a lollipop. I would smile at him and thank him. He would then proceed to ask me questions about school, how old I was and if I was a good girl. Did I go to confession regularly, and if I did, did I tell the priests everything. I admitted that sometimes I didn't tell everything that I should. He would then frown and ask me to talk to him about it all. He used to sit on a chair and I would go over and sit on his lap. The course of our fantasy enactment would then take on a more sexual tone. He would ask if I knew about boys and if I knew in what ways they differed from girls. I would shake my head and say that I was not sure but knew that they were different in some ways. Whilst we were talking thus he would gradually work his hand up my leg and insert the fingers under the elastic of the knickers which I wore. He would ask often if I was enjoying the sensations that this produced, and would slide my hand which was not around his neck down onto the part of his trousers which covered his erect penis. On touching this I would draw back in shock and horror and yet still retain a little curiosity about this moving and enormous lump. By this time one of his fingers would have reached their ultimate goal, and I would ask if I might see this mysterious object beneath his trousers, and taking it out I would ask him to show me what one did with it, and ask him to show me what grown-ups did



*Towards a better  
understanding of  
"La Condition Humaine"*



between one another. He would then proceed to undress me in a most gentle manner, and each article that I was wearing would be a source of intense sexual pleasure for him. First I removed my hat, and after that my shoes. Each one would be held by him to his mouth and nose, and he would caress and stroke them before he was ready for the next stage. I would then stand in front of him whilst he remained sitting in his chair, and he would lift the slip garment over my head so that I was standing before him in my vest, knickers and stockings. At this stage he would fall on his knees and begin to kiss me all over from the feet upwards. His mouth would climb over the length of my stockinged legs, towards my knickers, and he would then tell me that he wanted to examine me beneath them. He would pull them down, and lift my vest up to just below my breasts. (For these sessions I used to wear a tight fitting elastic bandage to minimise my breasts and to help complete the illusion.

He then examined my intimate parts very much as a doctor might, and it would culminate in my holding his penis with my hand whilst he would lecture me never to allow any other man to take such familiarities with my body, and how I was never to allow a man to penetrate me with his penis. This was quite sufficient to give him a deep and total orgasm. I noticed after some time with "specialist" clients, that it was seldom necessary for them to actually have sexual intercourse with me in the conventional fashion, and the enactment of the fantasy situation would often be sufficient for them to reach full orgasm and emission.

One of the kinkiest clients we ever had used to surprise me even when he first came to us! Apparently this man was a defrocked priest, and his "kink" was for dead people! I and the girls often used to speculate if it was this characteristic that had led him to being thrown out of the Church! For him we used to have to make the most elaborate arrangements, but he certainly wasn't ever short of money, and so

Madame considered that the extra expenses were more than covered. I would lie in a coffin surrounded by flowers and all the trappings of a funeral. I should perhaps mention that in some ways this man and his habits were somewhat unpleasant, and I hope none of your readers will be shocked or offended if I include him amongst my recollections, but it is all part of "la condition humaine" I suppose. He would enter the room dressed as a priest for a funeral service, and I would have to lie there absolutely immobile. This was in actual fact the most difficult part of catering for him, and sometimes I would take a sleeping tablet to make me drowsy and better to remain stock still. He would then go through the elaborate ritual of the burial service, and then would approach what I always considered a distasteful climax. The sides of my coffin were arranged so that they would drop down and leave me lying on a sort of table top. I would be dressed in a white robe, and he would state that before committing our dear departed he would examine the body. He would then undo my robe, which buttoned from the neck to the hem, and proceed to caress and kiss me.

After this was completed he would pass out into a light swoon, and I can tell you the first time I went through with this ritual I nearly did too! However, after a few sessions it became less unpleasant, but I would never be able to understand how a man could develop this particular fetish.

All of this of course now seems a long time ago, but it was a valued period in my life of which I am not ashamed. In fact it taught me a degree of tolerance and understanding for human nature that I might not otherwise have developed. I finally met and married an English man who was on service in Paris during the second war, and together he and I are now engaged in writing a book about the many varied and unusual activities that happened to me when I was a working girl in a Parisian brothel.

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